

Atlantic Insight

FEBRUARY 1986 \$1.95

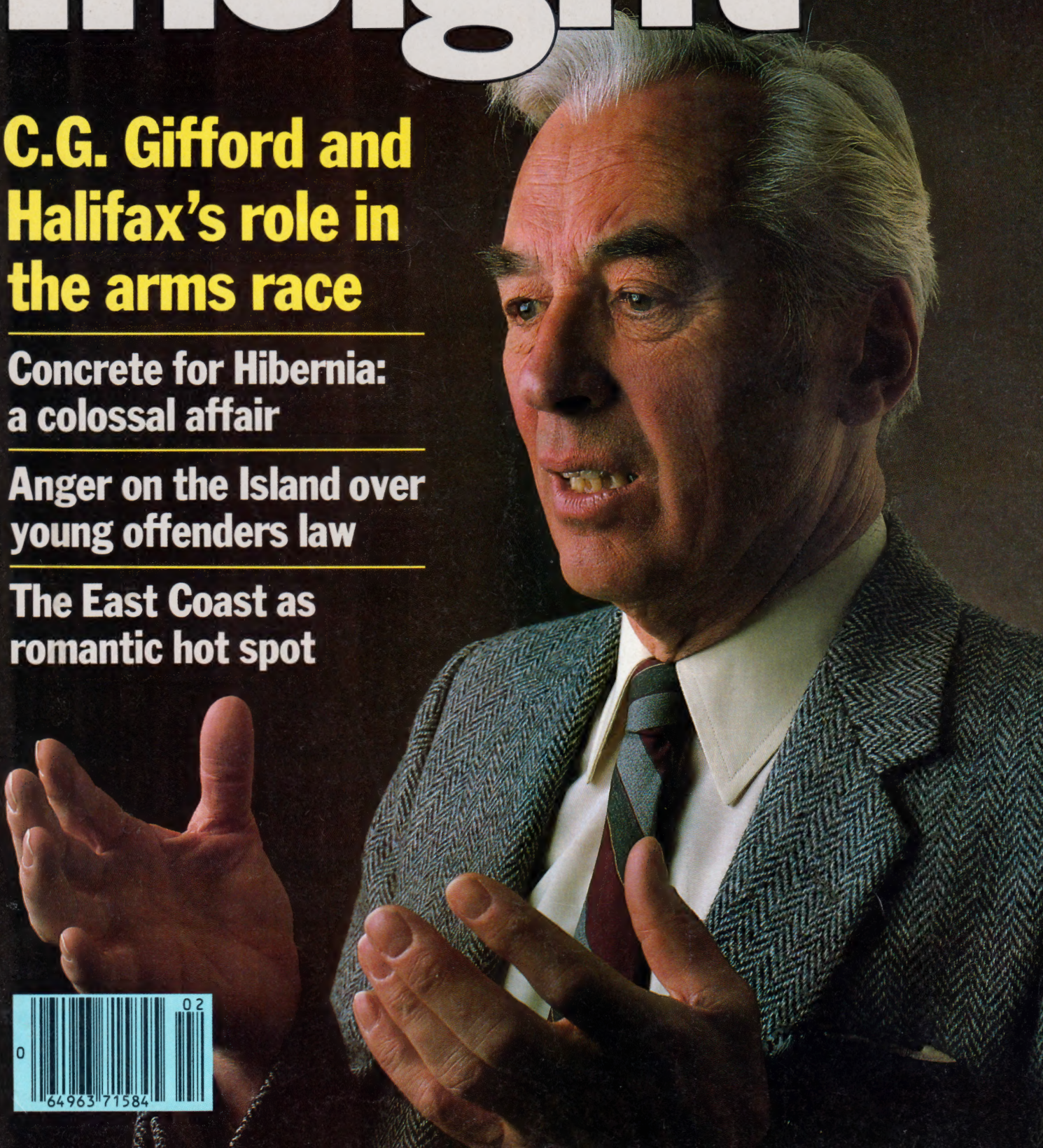
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Newfoundland's ghost outposts

C.G. Gifford and Halifax's role in the arms race

Concrete for Hibernia:
a colossal affair

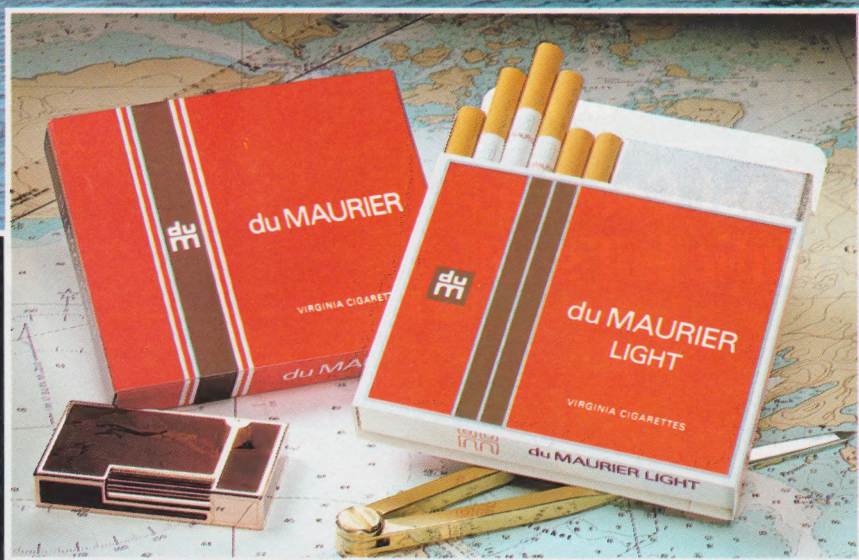
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FEBRUARY 1986

Vol. 8 No. 2



COVER STORY

Peace groups say that Halifax, in allowing the visits of the U.S. nuclear-armed submarine fleet, is a supporter of the concept of nuclear war. World War II veteran Giff Gifford, subject of our cover story, is a living paradox — a pacifist soldier and the city's most prominent peace activist. **PAGE 19**

COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY STUDIO STILL LIFE

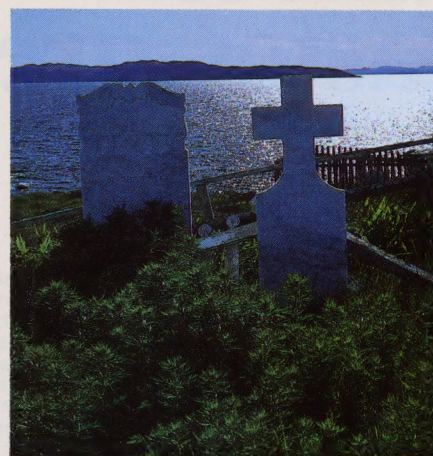


WEAVING

The seagrass and copper wire sculptures of Nova Scotia weaver Dawn MacNutt won international acclaim. She combines craft and art using fibre and metal. Predictions are that this artist will weave the world. **PAGE 17**

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SPECIAL REPORT

Some of the outposts of Newfoundland whose residents were "resettled" 20 years ago through a controversial government program are coming to life again. Placentia Bay's renewed fishery and the islands' charm bring families back for the summer months. Others have outlasted the recession to live in the environment they love. **PAGE 26**



FOOD

Cookies like your grandmother used to bake, from Fat Archies — big, soft molasses cookies to traditional Highland Oakcakes are selected from treasured family recipes. They're found in community cookbooks, old newspaper clippings and in the memories of Cape Breton cooks. **PAGE 34**

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PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Ottawa is quietly shutting down regional development

We tried everything, and nothing works.

Somewhere in Ottawa, there are civil servants whose job for the last 20 years has been to promote development outside of southern Ontario's golden horseshoe. Their current assessment of these efforts to ensure that the "have-not" regions of Canada (meaning us) improve their economic situation: "Nothing works."

Since the 1920s it has been obvious that some parts of Canada are more equal than others when it comes to jobs, new industries and growth. The first organized protest about this situation from the Maritimes came in the 20s with the Maritime Rights movement. Ottawa responded with some concessions on transportation costs — but nothing close to what was required to permit manufacturers in the Maritimes to compete with those of central Canada.

In the 1950s, more problems and protests produced another type of concession — grants from Ottawa to the less-wealthy provinces to pay for social services. They weren't called grants — they were termed "equalization payments." But the effect was to make every provincial government in this region dependent on Ottawa for handouts.

Under John Diefenbaker's Tories in the late 1950s, a new approach to regional disparities was developed. The idea was to encourage industrial development directly, with federal grants to businesses. Federal money was also spent building highways, bridges and other pieces of "infrastructure" that would attract and support industrial development. When the Liberals came back to power in the early 60s, they continued this new approach. The sign of the times was announcement of the 15-year general development plan for P.E.I. funded with tens of millions of federal dollars — coupled with cancellation of federal support for the P.E.I. causeway.

In the last 20 years there have been flurries of programs from Ottawa — ADB, ADA, ARDA, FRED, DREE and DRIE. Hundreds of millions have been spent, and the economy of Atlantic Canada has been restructured.

How does Ottawa sum up its attempts to equalize the level of economic development in the regions of Canada? A Maritimer involved in promoting the region who put the question to a senior bureaucrat some months ago reported the reply: "We've tried everything, and nothing works."

That assessment is handy, because Ot-

tawa is using it to rationalize the latest approach to regional development. What's the new angle? Simple: Ottawa's giving it all up.

Everyone closely involved in regional development work knows this. Atlantic Canada's premiers and senior bureaucrats have been battling with Ottawa behind the scenes over it. But recently, regional politicians have been going public. Just before Christmas Nova Scotia's development minister, Rollie Thornhill, said in public what everyone has been saying in private — that Ottawa was shutting down regional development. The Mulroney cabinet was vehement in its denials, but that's just politics.

Sinclair Stevens, the minister whose job is to get regional development policies and money, is making the best of a bad situation. Since he has little to offer Atlantic Canada, he's making lots of noise about "new" programs for Cape Breton. "Free money," shouts Stevens' new development agency in ads in business papers. But while Stevens beats his Cape Breton drum — and no one would quarrel that Cape Breton is badly in need of new and successful development initiatives — pay attention to what he's *not* doing elsewhere in the region.

I don't think there's much chance of Ottawa continuing in the regional development business using the old formula — which was awfully close to throwing money at the region and hoping that we'd be grateful. Ottawa can't afford to spend big money any more, though it's an old habit that's hard to break.

Where does that leave us? Right back where we started — but with important differences. We've got very serious economic development problems. They've been with us for years, and in many parts of Atlantic Canada they're getting worse, not better.

The era of federally funded regional development is over. We can face that, even if Ottawa denies it. What is to come next is up to us. We're going to have to find the answers ourselves. We'll have to do it differently because we don't have Ottawa's money, but that's not all bad — look at the many examples of how taxpayers' millions were spent to no long-term benefit. This time, we'll have to rely on ourselves and our own resources. That could be a plus. Nineteenth-century Maritimers built a prosperous, expanding industrial and commercial economy which was far more self-reliant than today's. We can do the same thing in the last 15 years of the 20th century.

—James Lorimer

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FEEDBACK

Calumnious journalism

If *Atlantic Insight* has found health hazards associated with forest and agricultural spraying in New Brunswick, where two and a half years of searching for such an association with Reye's Syndrome, cancer and birth defects by three task forces of international researchers has not, perhaps you will tell us what they are. Factually. The task force report cited by Roger Bill as his source for your December article *Birth defects and a new chemical hazard* does not say the task force found "an 'association' between exposure to agricultural chemicals and one category of birth defects, spina bifida." It could not establish such an association or causal relationship with agricultural or any other chemicals. The task force did say that "there is no evidence of any greater overall occurrence of birth defects in New Brunswick than in Canada generally. The two to threefold higher birth prevalence of neural tube defects is a problem shared with other Atlantic provinces" and that "the prevalence was higher before spraying was introduced than subsequently." It considered home and garden pesticides as "the category that poses the greatest potential human exposure." Your readers deserve to know that those task forces were formed at a great expense to New Brunswick citizens because of the public controversy created by CBC Radio's *Sunday Morning* program *The Poison Mist* on Jan. 3, 1982. Task force studies and subsequent medical research found no validity whatever to the program's claims of health hazards from forest spraying. By invoking unsubstantiated anecdotal reports of disease outbreaks and misrepresenting the most comprehensive review of human reproduction problems ever undertaken by any Canadian province, Roger Bill, who works for *Sunday Morning*, continues the calumnious journalism which the initial task force felt was "causing harm by arousing severe anxieties in many people." For nearly ten years, no issue has cost Atlantic Canada more in terms of the integrity and development of its social and economic institutions than the way some Dalhousie University medical researchers and a compliant media reported on a "link" between forest spraying and the rare children's disease Reye's Syndrome. It mobilized an extraordinary coalition against forest management. Wood losses alone are measured in the billions of dollars. The integrity of scientific inquiry was a casualty, too. Editorial discretion and the peer review system to prevent unreasonable bias in research reporting broke down. Partial findings were taken uncritically at face value; health effects data were allowed to be misinterpreted and misapplied. Claims of a "conclusive link" between spray and the disease resulted in the first task force being set up in early 1982. The scientists came to an entirely contradictory and irrecon-

cilable conclusion. Reye's Syndrome in New Brunswick was not only of low incidence but lower than those places where similar epidemiological studies were carried out, where there was no forest spraying. The task force was specially critical of the way that the Dalhousie research was reported and it published its findings in *Clinical and Investigative Medicine, Volume 5*, 1982. The federal government, meanwhile, has become suspicious of the Dalhousie viral enhancement claims. It commissioned another investigation into the laboratory work itself. Using the university's protocol and an original member of the Dalhousie research team, three independent Canadian laboratories could not reproduce the results claimed. None of 42 compounds tested showed any significant enhancing activity. This was reported in *Applied and Environmental Microbiology*, January 1984. Dalhousie's claim is without scientific basis.

Kingsley Brown
Monks Head, N.S.

Canary error

You wrote a story about me in the December issue on the Folks page. I would like to mention an error about my canaries. They aren't Border Fancy, but German Rollers, and I believe I'm the only person in Nova Scotia to have this kind.

Orrison Wournell
Dartmouth, N.S.

Cultural cudgel

I wish to express congratulations to you and your staff on the imaginative and tasteful supplement *Atlantic Books for Christmas* that was tucked inside your November issue. At Breakwater we have been literally swamped with orders, especially on the Ray Guy books. In these tough times for publishing in Canada, and especially in the Maritimes and Newfoundland, we must continue to carry the cultural cudgel at all costs. It's also important to show that we can be as slick and as effective as the Yankee branch plant peddlers in selling our wares. Your supplement, Sir, is as a banner of our cultural worth and I am proud to be associated with it.

Clyde Rose
Publisher, Breakwater Books
St. John's

Kudos and criticism

Thanks for a terrific December issue of *Atlantic Insight*. I've noticed recently that the look of the magazine has been improving graphically, and December hit an all-time high. The spread on Rita MacNeil, and the special report on Halifax housing had effective layout, and very appropriate photography. Before I read the "guts" of your magazine, though, I always take in Folks. It's inspiring, sensitive to the people portrayed and I think, shows what we Maritimers can do when we put our minds to something. I do tend

to agree with Donald Brown of Fredericton, who wrote to tell you that *Insight* tends to get weighed down in issues of worldly concern, and that the provincial profiles are predominantly negative. While it's hard to suggest an alternative, not knowing the full story, I'd like you to keep *Insight* on the optimistic side of the coin, where controversial and tragic issues are presented, but handled in such a manner that the matter not become a downer. Ray Guy and Harry Bruce never fail to enchant with their appropriate yet irreverent pokes at Canada and its people. Lastly, and this is from a completely graphic point of view, I'd like to criticize your covers. While in most cases (December and November were excellent) the best possible cover for an issue has been achieved, the occasional logging truck or Halifax shipyard photo has slipped through. The cover sells the book. It must be *striking*. It must appeal to the newsstand gazer. The type must surprint or drop out effectively, in order to maximize legibility. The Bill Lynch September cover is a case where the cover blurs virtually disappear. Otherwise, a charming and very enjoyable magazine. I look forward to each issue as a blast of fresh sea air coming from my home stomping grounds. Keep up the good work and help me keep the Atlantic in-sight. Thanks.

Alan Spinney
Toronto

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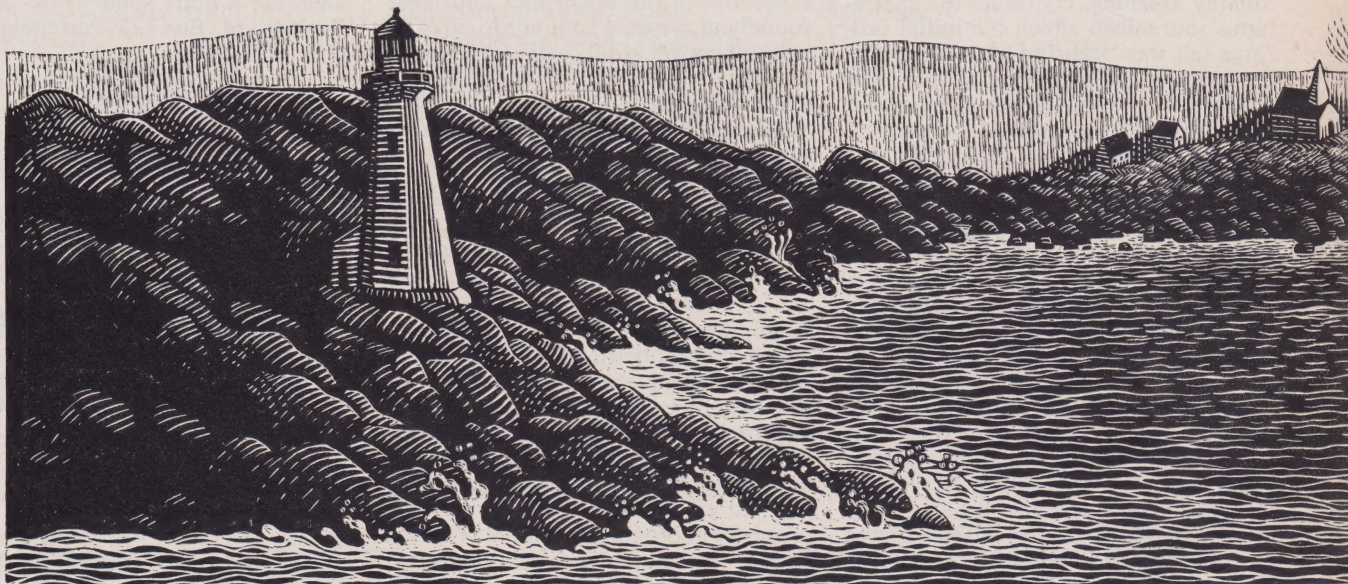
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McKenna: premier in waiting

Three other Liberal leaders have come close — but failed — to unseat Richard Hatfield's 16-year-old Conservative government. Now, a little-known Chatham lawyer is poised to turf out the Tories

by Ron Sherrard

If an election were to be held in New Brunswick tomorrow the favorite to become premier would be Liberal leader Frank McKenna. Frank McKenna? Even in his own province, where politics takes on some of the aspects of a blood-sport, he is hardly a household name. That's something he's laboring mightily to change.

Current indications are that McKenna, a 37-year-old Chatham criminal lawyer, wouldn't even have to raise his recognition factor; that the well-publicized misfortunes of Premier Richard Hatfield would be enough to do him and his Conservative government in.

The view that the government will defeat itself is supported by a recent poll conducted by the province's only French-language daily, *L'Acadie Nouvelle*. It suggests that in a general election the Tories would lose 25 of the 38 seats they now hold, giving the Liberals a landslide victory. The poll also says all Conservative francophones would be defeated and no Conservatives north of the Miramichi River would win.

As for the south where Hatfield has run into considerable opposition from within his own party, McKenna says "all bets are off." He thinks the people there have given up on Hatfield although they've been the mainstay of his government through four consecutive elections.

McKenna, however, is taking nothing for granted. Since he won the leadership last May in Moncton, he's been spending up to six days a week on the road selling himself and the Liberal message. Besides, he knows that his three immediate predecessors, Robert Higgins, Joe Daigle and Doug Young, all went into election campaigns with Hatfield given even or better chances by the pundits to win. Whatever his vulnerability between elections, Hatfield has hitherto been able to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat.

One thing McKenna will do differently than his predecessors is that he won't attack the premier personally. "I think the whole province wants to put that chapter (Hatfield's problems) behind them. I'm more interested in what I can do right rather than what somebody else has done wrong," he says. Which is probably good political strategy. What New Brunswicker doesn't know about Hatfield's flamboyant lifestyle — his huge expense accounts, his long periods out of the province, his acquittal on a marijauna

possession charge, the unproved allegations of cocaine use?

One place where McKenna is a household name is Chatham where he's lived with wife Julie and children Tobias, 13, Tina, 10, and eight-year-old Jamie for the past 14 years. Although a stiff, cold wind blows off the Miramichi as he makes his way to his cramped constituency office, McKenna is in no apparent hurry. He waves to shouted greetings from across the chilly street and chats with everyone who shows the inclination to stop for a moment. He ducks into a barbershop for a few minutes of political banter. Clearly, the burly man with the football player's thick neck and shoulders is at home and enjoying it.



McKenna: time for a change

An MLA only since 1982, he retains much of the newcomer's idealism about politics. In a province where many voters expect politicians to feather their own nests through fair means and foul, McKenna says he's appalled by the mistrust the public has in politicians. Explaining his reasons for seeking the leadership, he says, "I didn't like the situation in the province." Puffing on the pipe he continually relights, he continues: "Politicians are in disrepute and there's a complete lack of trust by the public. . . I couldn't justify staying in politics without trying to effect some real change."

Other than distancing himself from pork-barrel politics, McKenna is offering few specifics of the changes he would make. "Nobody will force my agenda before I'm ready," he says. "Besides, I'm not the premier. I don't think the people want to hear that (promises) from me.

They've had enough of promises and want the province to be run in a business-like manner?"

On the economy McKenna calls himself an "activist" rather than a "pacifist." He says, "We have to go out and meet with the private sector and bring them into the province. It sounds so simple, but we must create an attitude of confidence in this province. We simply have to become more responsive to business and its needs." The emphasis, he notes, should be on small business where he sees the future of the Canadian economy.

McKenna's economic policies would be based on his concern for people, he says. From his travels throughout New Brunswick, he's gained the impression that too many people have given up hope that something or someone will put the province back on its feet. "They're striving for only ten weeks work in order to get their unemployment insurance stamps to survive the winter."

"It's shocking, the human misery I see each day," he states. "I don't blame the people, because they want to work. But there's just such a rut here. Young men and women just don't have anything to look forward to."

McKenna attacks the Hatfield government for its make-work projects which he regards as unproductive. "I'd rather see people planting trees and spacing them so we'll have a forest in 200 years rather than digging holes and filling them in."

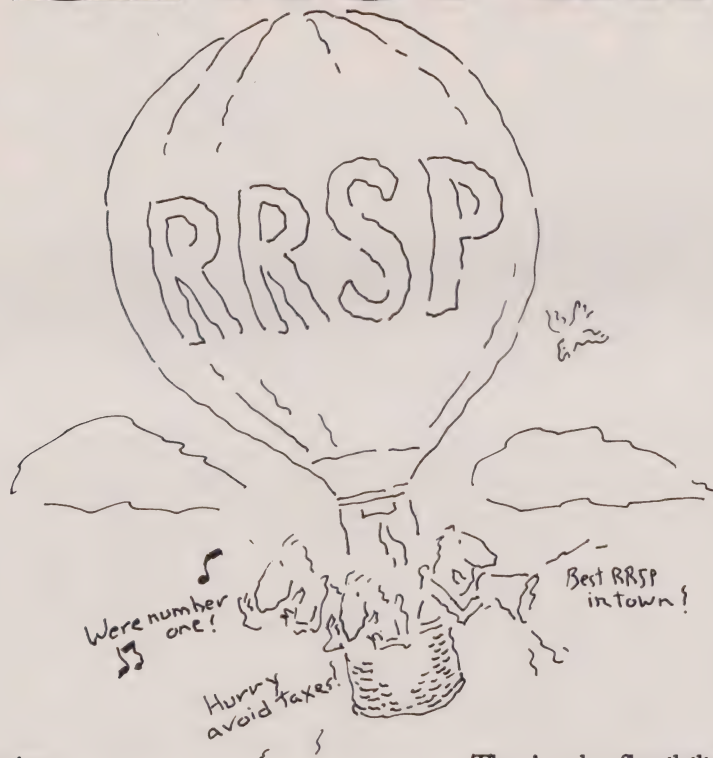
He says the very favors his constituents ask of him each day — to find them a job, or help to get them into a community college — must stop in a province where it's who you know not what you know that opens doors. "I'd love to see a change where people didn't have to rely on that for a job. For one thing, it's a poor use of an MLAs time. But it won't change overnight. This is a hundred-year pattern. If we can improve the job situation there may be less reliance though."

McKenna is also critical of the government's handling of the Poirier-Bastarache report on linguistic equality. Striving to become bilingual himself (as is Hatfield), he says the government exploited the controversial report for political gains in the francophone north. "I don't think we should be exploiting the cultural question. We should sit down and explain the situation. The meetings (on the report) only cause confusion as to whether this report was public policy."

Meanwhile, McKenna continues to gear up for the election that will almost certainly come this year. At each gathering, from summer fairs to fund-raisers to annual meetings, he touts the Liberals as the party of "the little guy" as he tries to build a coalition of long-time party supporters and those disenchanted with 16 years of Hatfield's rule.

He says his tactics are working, pointing to an increase in party membership up from 10,000 to 20,000 in one year. ☒

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The Phantom and other bugs in the Young Offenders Act

Young offenders in P.E.I. — as elsewhere — are getting away with just about everything short of murder, thanks to the new Young Offenders Act. The police, the courts and the victims are getting angrier and angrier and want the law changed

by Jim Cluett

In Prince Edward Island police officers, justice officials, and some private citizens are steaming mad over the new federal Young Offenders Act. Time after time the act has proven complex, slow and often ineffective. It was written to give young offenders a fair shake with the law, but instead it's giving them a free rein, and enough people are upset that it's become a major issue.

A 17-year-old Charlottetown boy, who stole the same car twice within several months, managed to avoid a court hearing for more than a year. In another incident, a police officer finally went to the local media because of frustration over a simple traffic violation. He stopped a 16-year-old driver on University Avenue doing 105 kph in a 50 zone. An adult would have lost six points on his driver's licence and received a \$220 fine. The youth was fined \$82.50 and no points were taken from his licence. The case isn't unusual.

Problems with the Young Offenders Act came to a head when an adult, charged with aggravated assault in October, was scheduled to remain in jail awaiting a preliminary hearing until July 1986. Local judges said their schedules were so jammed with cases under the new Young Offenders Act that they couldn't find an earlier date. Civil libertarians went wild.

It all started in April of 1984 when the federal government announced that the Young Offenders Act would replace the Juvenile Delinquents Act. Everyone agrees that the new law was made with the best of intentions, but it is so riddled with loopholes and complications, that it's been a headache for everyone involved with enforcing it. It's also been a headache for citizens looking for protection under the justice system.

Ben Rodgers tried for weeks to get authorities to pay attention to his daughter's safety. Carolyn Rodgers was the victim of a car thief who called himself "The Phantom." The Phantom is a 17-year-old with a history of brushes with the law. Last spring he sneaked into a restaurant where Carolyn Rodgers worked as a waitress and stole the keys to her car. After finally smashing the car up, he was caught, but the story doesn't end there. Just a few months later he stole the same car again.

Each time he left Carolyn a note, thank-

ing her for the use of the car. He also left her a fresh, red rose. Carolyn was scared. So was her father.

When Rodgers found out that the youth had been caught previously at a local drive-in dressed as a commando (with his face blackened, sneaking around parked cars), he naturally wanted to be sure the Phantom wouldn't be bothering his daughter again. "My concern is that he's still at large," said Rodgers after the second incident. "He's a young offender, so he's protected by the law. My daughter isn't." For weeks afterward, Carolyn refused to stay alone in her apartment.

Rodgers appealed to the police, the prosecutor's office, and finally to a local judge. He was told there was simply nothing to be done. So he escorted Carolyn back and forth to work until she quit her job and moved away in frustration.

The Phantom finally appeared before the court under the Young Offenders Act; the judge ruled that the case should be heard in adult court. The Phantom was free again. Ironically, by the time the youth finally came before the adult court, the judge there ruled that the case should really be heard in the juvenile court. More delays.

Designed to protect young people, the new act is full of paperwork and procedural complications. No young offender can be detained in the same facility with an adult offender. If he's arrested with an adult, he can't even be transported in the same police car. In fact, if someone under 18 years old is stopped for speeding, the officer can't even write the driver a ticket. Instead, the police must prepare a summons and hand deliver a copy to the parents and the violator at home. Information about offence can't be transferred from one government department to another so there's usually no record of an offence. Police say youngsters under 18 can drive any way they want with impunity.

"We are having some problem with procedures," concedes Art Currie, P.E.I.'s deputy minister of justice. "Even the simplest cases take a long time. The amount of paperwork is unbelievable."

But what has Currie worried is the case involving children under 12. Following the new act it's almost impossible to deal with any violations they commit. "Some of the larger provinces tell me that professionals are recruiting the under 12-year-olds to

commit crimes for them," says Currie. But he quickly adds that he hasn't heard of any such cases in P.E.I. — yet.

Currie has met with justice ministers from other provinces, and they've prepared a list of more than 150 complaints regarding the new act. They'll present it to Ottawa by early February. But for all that Currie is optimistic. "When the Juvenile Delinquents Act was introduced in 1906," says the deputy, "you had the same kind of frustrations. We just have to take the bugs out."

One of the most alarming cases in P.E.I. involves an Ontario man, Alan Christie. He was charged with aggravated assault and denied bail. Usually, an accused is given a speedy preliminary hearing; in fact, it's guaranteed in the Charter of Rights and Freedoms. In Christie's case, the court docket was so full of Young Offenders cases, that even though he was charged in October, there was no free court time until July of the following year.

His lawyer, John MacDougall, appealed to the Supreme Court and won an earlier hearing, but even that took several months. "Most defence lawyers are happy if a case doesn't come up for seven or eight months when their clients are out on bail," explains MacDougall. "A long adjournment is to the advantage of the accused. Witnesses disappear, documents are lost, police lose interest and forget the identity of the accused. But it's no advantage when your client is sitting in jail."

Under the old law, all juvenile cases were heard in the Supreme Court; now they're heard in Provincial Court. In Prince Edward Island that's a bit difficult because there are only three Provincial Court judges — two in Charlottetown and one in Summerside.

Prince Edward Island isn't the only Maritime province to be plagued with troubles from the new law. In Nova Scotia, the president of the Nova Scotia Police Chiefs Association has publicly denounced the new act.

Keith Coles, deputy chief in Dartmouth, says police feel their hands are tied in trying to keep young offenders in line. Coles complains that officers are spending more and more time on paperwork only to have judges release offenders without punishment.

P.E.I.'s Currie says the Nova Scotia Attorney General told him that police in that province are so frustrated with the act that they're simply not bothering to lay charges as often as they used to.

"Amendments to the Young Offenders Act will correct most of the problems," says P.E.I. Justice Minister George McMahon. "The attorneys general across the country are trying to get those amendments. It's definitely a concern to us." The people of P.E.I. are hoping it'll be a concern to Members of Parliament, too. They'll have to vote on the amendments when they're introduced next spring.

Opposing the denominational school system

Newfoundland is the last province where schools are divided along religious lines. It creates problems for those who don't belong to any church group, but things are unlikely to soon change

by Peter Gard

White and Greg Malone are unconventional parents. Being unconventional is not usually just cause for discrimination — unless, that is, you are the parents of school-age children in Newfoundland.

That's what the Malones, who belong to no official religious group, discovered last March when White arrived at Bishop Feild School to enrol her son, Django, in French Immersion classes. White had been told the classes would be filled on a first-come-first-served basis. She arrived early and the number "six" was duly written on her application, signifying her place near the head of the line.

A month later she received a letter telling her the class was full and that Django was not in it. "I started to phone around," says White. "And it began to creep into my mind that religion was the common denominator between being accepted or rejected for the program. So I put it to the principal and he said, 'yes, that is true'."

Unlike other parents who accepted the school's ruling, the Malones brought the matter to the attention of the provincial department of justice. In May the department ruled that the Feild school's action was "against the spirit and intent of the law." "Everybody thought that settled the matter," says White, "but the Avalon Consolidated School Board couldn't have cared less about the ruling. They simply refused to talk to anyone and waited until the whole thing blew over."

The Malones spent the summer hounding the board, with mixed results. In August the board informed the Malones and other non-Protestant applicants for French Immersion that a class would be formed for them at another school. The Malones remained unmollified. Undaunted by the school board's resistance to placing her child in a federally-funded class to which her child was entitled,

White took Django to Bishop Feild when school opened in September anyway, and kept it up for a week, after which the school caved in. "The principal came over and told me there was an opening," says White, "but they never conceded their right to refuse my child admission in the first place."

Having weathered the Malones in the



Education Minister Hearn: "the system has worked well"

spring, Newfoundland's totally denominational school system (the only such system in Canada) ran into another storm in mid-summer, when the province's four Church Educational Councils, the bodies that rule over education, declared that only candidates of the correct faith would be allowed to run for school board elections in November. In addition to its dubious constitutionality, the ruling was a regressive one. Non-denominational candidates had been encouraged to run in previous elections.

The councils' ruling was the last straw for Human Rights Association President Marion Atkinson. She called on the provincial government to end its exemption of the school system from the provincial human rights code. "Nobody's looking for the denominational system to be done away with," says Atkinson, "but where there's no compromise

you're bound to see people going for some sort of alternative." In the interim, the association polled school board candidates on their stand on open elections. Nine of the 12 who were elected support open elections. Commented one successful candidate, Rex Gibbons, "it doesn't make sense that people who are battling apartheid in South Africa are supporting a discriminatory system in Newfoundland."

Gibbons is one of many who think that the real problem with the province's all-denominational system is not its petty discriminations but its quality. The system has long been seen as leading to an expensive duplication of services. Supporters of the system deny this. "I've never seen any figures from any survey," says Ben Lake, Chairman of the Avalon Consolidated School Board. Education Minister Loyola Hearn, thinks tales of school inefficiency have been exaggerated.

Like many supporters of the status quo, Hearn points to the 1969 consolidation of the school system of five Protestant groups as having ended the worst abuses. Marion Atkinson disputes that, saying that the quality of education is very uneven from community to community.

For Hearn, "the bottom line is that the system has worked and worked well." There has not been strong support to change the system. Public opinion polls have been conflicting, with some of them finding strong support for the status quo among Catholics and Pentecostals in particular. "I don't sense any interest in changing the system dramatically," says education professor Phil Warren, who conducted two polls. "In fact, if the question were to become an issue with the public, I think the public support would increase dramatically." Says Education Minister Hearn, "there are ways within the system to accommodate people who do not belong."

However, if big changes are not in the offing, most likely small tinkering are. Following November's school board elections, at least one St. John's parents group began exploring the option of starting up a public system, free of denominational bickerings. White Malone says of her own struggle that "my child has as much right to the place applied for as the children of the people who lied and said they were United or Catholic."

It's that kind of fighting sentiment, thinks Roger Grimes of the Newfoundland Teachers Association, which may eventually lead to some long-overdue changes in the system. "Changes will come if parents think present structures are denying their children a level of opportunity available in another system," he says. ☐

(Correction: photo credit for Nfld. Report, Dec. 1985, Justin Hall)

An abused treaty's revenge

The white man signed a treaty of friendship with the Indians in 1752, then ignored it for 230 years. Now, says the Supreme Court of Canada, the treaty is in force. What are the implications?

by Deborah Jones

For Micmac Indian James Simon, acquittal by the Supreme Court of Canada of violating Nova Scotia game laws ended a five-year legal ordeal. For the Indian people and some provincial governments, the decision's implications are only beginning to sink in, and may reverberate through native affairs for decades.

In November, the country's top court ruled that provincial legislation can't restrict native treaty rights and overturned Simon's two earlier convictions in Nova Scotia. In doing so, the court ruled that a "Treaty or Articles of Peace and Friendship" signed in 1752 between Nova Scotia Governor Thomas Hopson and Micmac Chief Jean Baptiste Cope and other Indians is valid.



PAUL WILDSMITH

Wildsmith: leading to a land claim

"This case reversed a trend of 230 years," said Simon's lawyer, Dalhousie University professor Bruce Wildsmith. He noted that the very early Canadian treaties, such as the 1752 one, "were ignored by the provinces after Confederation and were never recognized by the provinces as continuing to have any validity."

The decision, written by Chief Justice Brian Dickson, ruled that the 1752 treaty is "in force and effect." It's the first time the Supreme Court has recognized that pre-Confederation treaties which did not surrender land are valid, and it opens up a large realm of uncertainties ranging from native rights to hunt game for commercial sale to sweeping land claims.

Meanwhile, as the Simon case was unfolding, independent research for a New Brunswick Indian group uncovered a potentially significant document in the National Archives in Ottawa. Signed in 1725 in Massachusetts and ratified by the Governor of Nova Scotia and several Indian representatives, the document refers

to Indians not being molested in their hunting and planting grounds and acknowledges colonial settlements in 1725. In exchange it "may have given the Indians the rest of the province," says Wildsmith. "I think there are many more documents around than we know about."

The emerging documents and legal rulings "are the base of a pyramid building up to a comprehensive land claim in the province of Nova Scotia, in the manner of the James Bay and Western Arctic agreements," Wildsmith adds.

In the case that led to the recent decision, two charges were laid against Simon for violating the Lands and Forests Act. In mid-afternoon on Sept. 21, 1980 he was stopped by police while driving on a road adjacent to the Shubenacadie Indian Reserve. In his truck were a rifle, live shells and shotgun cartridges, which are illegal outside the hunting season. Simon was convicted twice in Nova Scotia, first in provincial court and later by the appeal division of the Nova Scotia Supreme Court.

Wildsmith argued that Simon is immune from prosecution under the act because of his right to hunt set out in the treaty, and because of protection afforded by section 88 of the federal Indian Act, which states that provincial laws are "subject to the terms of any treaty..."

Robert Lutes and Brian Norton, lawyers for the Crown, presented the standard government position: that the treaty was terminated by hostilities or extinguished by subsequent laws. They also said that even if it were valid, Simon had not established that he is a descendant of the Micmac Indians covered by the treaty.

But the Supreme Court noted that anyone arguing for termination of a treaty bears the burden of proof. The Crown failed to prove that the treaty was terminated, said Chief Justice Dickson, adding that subsequent actions by the British after the alleged hostilities showed they considered the treaty to remain valid. "The treaty is of as much force and effect today as it was at the time it was concluded."

He said it was not necessary, given the details of this particular case, to come to a final opinion on the weighty question of extinguishment. Chief Justice Dickson also found that Simon, a registered Indian under the Indian Act and a member of the Shubenacadie Indian Brook Band, is covered by the treaty.

The Union of Nova Scotia Indians,

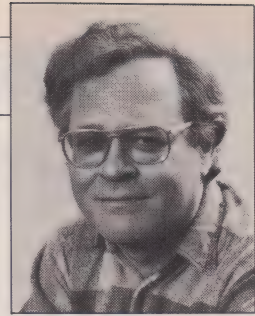
which sponsored Simon's defence, is exultant, but plans to tread carefully in future in case non-Indians feel threatened, according to chief Alexander Christmas. "We don't want any negative backlash or bad press."

Nonetheless, the decision is a beginning point for "a new relationship with the provincial and federal governments. It gives us an added strength," says Christmas. The Supreme Court's recognition of the treaty "will awaken the conscience of non-Indian people in Nova Scotia that there were people here long before they arrived, and that their ancestors founded a relationship based on mutual respect."

Indians have "always assumed we had the right to hunt and fish," says Christmas, but over the years the right has been eroded by "arrogant" government actions. Now, he says, the province may be motivated to negotiate fairly. "We want to be able to interpret the treaty to modern day standards, to give us the opportunity to participate economically in the Canadian way of doing things. We'd like to be able to enter into economic relations with the non-Indian population based on our own aspirations, our own goals. We've never had that opportunity. Politicians always assumed they knew best for the Indian people, and every effort to promote jobs, economic development, have all failed miserably."

Wildsmith noted that the treaty includes references to setting up "truck houses" for commercial trade. One example of how that may now be interpreted could be that Indians could sell deer meat commercially, he suggests. "It's anybody's guess" about the treaty's impact on timber licences, he adds. Federal lawyers were unwilling to concede that the judgment applied to anyone beyond the Shubenacadie Indians.

The department of lands and forests, meanwhile, was in limbo about whether Indians should be prosecuted. "We're still awaiting an interpretation from the Attorney General's department," said supervisor Hugh MacIsaac. A terse spokesman for the Attorney General would only say that the matter was under review and that "the decision raises more questions than it answers." Meanwhile, the Atlantic Salmon Federation released a statement reminding observers that the judgment doesn't affect fisheries regulations, which come under federal jurisdiction that supersedes provincial legislation. The New Brunswick Metis and non-status Indians called on Premier Richard Hatfield to place a moratorium on natives being charged under hunting or fishing regulations. And several Indian representatives have called for apologies from politicians for past charges. It may be less than 230 years, but fleshing out the implication of all this, as Alexander Christmas puts it, "will be a long drawn-out process."



The long roots of big-feeling

Where does that expression to pin down vain, boastful swell-headed, puffed-up types come from? Not from here, it turns out

Before coming to the Maritimes from Toronto, I'd naturally heard of vain, proud, haughty, boastful, snotty, snobbish, conceited, self-centred, self-important, swell-headed and puffed-up people. (Indeed, many Maritimers doubtless suspected that in Hog Town those were the only sort of humans I'd ever had a chance to meet.) I knew what it meant when someone said, "She's stuck on herself," or "He's hung up on himself." Somewhere, I'd heard that memorable comparison, "as proud as tom-tit on a turd," and I certainly understood that biggity and big-headed were not compliments. But never once, until I came down east, had I ever heard of a man, woman, or child who was "big-feeling."

The term struck me then — 33 years ago at Mount Allison University — as a superb expression of the ancient scorn among Maritimers for all those, rich or poor, who dared to put on airs. When a fellow from Moncton said a fellow from Saint John was "too big-feeling for me," I could taste the contempt in his voice. It was as recognizable as salt on the tongue; and, for me, instructive.

For I had indeed come from a city in which too many people were too big-feeling, and I knew instantly that here on this small campus in this small town at the geographic heart of these small provinces, the last thing I wanted was to be known by the men students as "too big-feeling." Actually, that was the second-last thing I wanted. The last thing I wanted was to be known by the women students as "too big-feeling." So I hid my natural Upper Canadian snootiness, and passed myself off as a small-feeling buddy with no "side."

Is "big-feeling" Elizabethan? Some argue that, just as Acadian lingo is a throwback to the speech of France centuries ago, the English of the Maritimes and Newfoundland still protects ancient expressions from a modern flood of uniformity. More than 400 years ago, *The Oxford English Dictionary* says, one meaning of "big" was "haughty, pompous, pretentious, boastful." Shakespeare used the word in this sense when, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, he wrote, "Nay, looke not big, nor stampe, nor stare."

This meaning of "big" survives even now, wherever English is spoken. *Gage*

Canadian Dictionary says "big head" denotes "a conceited or arrogant person"; *Webster's Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary* says one of the many meanings of "big" is "marked by or given to boasting"; *The Oxford American Dictionary* says "too big for one's britches" is slang for "conceited"; and *The Australian Pocket Oxford Dictionary* offers the same meaning for "too big for one's boots." Texans call the self-important "big-chested."

But I can find neither ancient nor modern evidence that "big-feeling" has ever been as widespread as "big." Is it one more of those precious distinctions, however minuscule, that makes Atlantic Canadians different from all other peoples? Can I get a Canada Council grant to prove that "big-feeling" is an ineluctable part of the culture of the Maritimes and Newfoundland?

I whip open my *Dictionary of Newfoundland English* but, alas, it lists not "big-feeling" but "be big in oneself." That means "to be swollen with pride." (The dictionary also reveals that Ray Guy, my fellow columnist at *Atlantic Insight*, once wrote "We should be down on our knees givin' tanks every minute, I says, if we wuzzen't so big in ourselves.")

I now turn to my court of last resort in such matters, *The South Shore Phrase Book*, (1983) by Lewis J. Poteet. Poteet is a rare bird. An Oklahoman by birth, he was once a boy preacher, and is now an English professor at Concordia University in Montreal. More to the point, however, he is the lexicographer's equivalent of a mad butterfly collector. "For a score of years now," he recently wrote, "I have been studying the odd shapes of the particular form of English used along the hundred-mile stretch of Nova Scotia coastline." He pinned his prizes down in *The South Shore Phrase Book*, but his passion was deathless, and he could not stop there. Stand by for *The Second South Shore Phrase Book*, *A Nova Scotia Dictionary*. It'll be out any day now.

But ah, yes, here we are, right in the middle of page 16, it's "big-feeling," as big as life and twice as natural. I'm down on my knees givin' tanks to Poteet. "Big-feeling," he says, means "proud, full of oneself," and he provides a fine example at Cape Negro, Shelburne County. "You're so big-feeling." I like to think the

speaker is the alluring daughter of a lobster fisherman, a lass who's untutored but canny. A local swain has made an improper proposal, and she is rejecting him because she knows how bootless it is to love a man who loves only himself. He's so big-feeling.

On a hunch, I now dip into Volume I of the new *Dictionary of American English (DARE)*, which is so big it takes 903 pages just to cover A, B, and C. A product of Harvard University, *DARE* is among the mightiest linguistic projects ever undertaken. It's been in the works for 23 years. Squads of *DARE* scholars, armed with 1,847 questions on printed forms, conducted week-long interviews with Americans in 1,002 communities in 50 states.

"The 2.5 million items gleaned from the fieldwork, coded and computer processed, are *DARE*'s primary database, a rich harvest of regional Americanisms current in the seventh decade of this century," the publisher boasts. "Earlier collections have been drawn upon as well, notably the 40,000 expressions recorded by the American Dialect Society since 1889; and some 5,000 publications, including regional novels and diaries and small-town newspapers, have been combed for local idioms." Now that's a dictionary.

Unfortunately, it's so efficient it wrecks my chance at that Canada Council grant. For "big-feeling" is nowhere near unique to our down-home speech. *DARE* researchers have traced it to Illinois, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Kansas, and West Virginia, and in all those states it means precisely what it means here: "haughty, proud, biggity." There, as here, people describe a self-important man by saying, "He surely is big-feeling these days." There, as here, a woman who puts on airs invites the remark, "She's too big-feeling for me."

In the Midwest, the adjective becomes a noun. An arrogant, self-important person is a "big-feeler." In various parts of the States, such people have also been known as big bucks, dealers, dogs, doings, dudes, hats, Ikes, shows, squeezes and sticks. So far as "big-feeling" goes, I'll hazard a guess that it came to the Maritimes with the Loyalists, or with even earlier settlers from what is now the U.S.A. So it's just old Yankeetalk. That must also be true of "some," as in, "He's some big-feeling." In my boyhood, such crass lingo never fell from the lips of your average, bigfied, proper Torontonion. ☒

Art emerges from seagrass

Dawn MacNutt of Dartmouth, N.S., has entered an elite circle of international artists by making sculptures out of woven seagrass, which is just one of the unusual materials she uses

by Robin Metcalfe

The International Biennale of Tapestries in Lausanne, Switzerland is to weaving what Cannes is to film. In 1985 the Biennale exhibited the work of only 48 artists from around the world. One of them was Nova Scotia weaver Dawn MacNutt.

Escaping the boundaries of traditional fabric, MacNutt produces free-standing woven sculpture. *Kindred Spirits*, the work exhibited in Lausanne, is a group of lifesize human forms woven from seagrass and copper wire. Even as light filters through them, they have an uncanny presence and solidity. By reducing the body to a rough cylinder, MacNutt focuses attention on posture. The forms incline their shoulders and crown-like heads in silent conversation, with a grave dignity that commands respect.

A counsellor with the Dartmouth, N.S. branch of the Association for Family Life, the artist herself is poised but informal. Her hands move with an expressive delicacy and her eyes communicate a love of her craft. When the New Glasgow native speaks, it is with a trace of an ancestral Scottish burr.

"I'm not a very practical weaver. If I'm going to do something it isn't because it's the shortest route to get it. It's because I want to do it for a special reason."

MacNutt studied art and psychology at Mount Allison University in the late 1950s. She took a painting course from Alex Colville and another in functional

textiles. "I didn't connect what I was doing — weaving cloth — with what was going on upstairs: 'art'."

Today she denies a clear distinction between craft and art. What counts, she says, is "a peculiar vision." "If we express our individual vision in some tangible way, in a committed way, then it offers that peculiar perception."

It was not until the 1970s, after graduating from Dalhousie University with a Masters of Social Work, that MacNutt "came back to weaving" by learning how to spin. "What opened my eyes, and my heart," says MacNutt, was a book called *Beyond Craft: the Art Fabric* by Mildred Constantine and Jack Lenor Larsen. "It showed that textiles could express. There were textiles that didn't function — you didn't wear them, you didn't wipe your dishes with them — and they

were strong, strong images."

Larsen became MacNutt's friend and mentor and a major influence in her career. In the catalogue of her 1984 exhibition at Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery, he praised her "courage in so repeatedly breaking new ground. It seems that, given enough time, this artist will weave the world."

That impulse to "weave the world" was evident in a 1979 installation at Halifax's Maritime Centre. MacNutt filled the lobby with wool trees ten to 14 feet high, handspun "to create the color and texture of bark." "My work has definitely become sculptural rather than flat."

Around the same time a friend gave her some fine silver wires. "I saw them as trees, and soon I was making silver trees." The use of unusual materials, particularly metal, distinguishes MacNutt's work.

"I have a peculiar feeling about metal, almost a love-hate relationship," she explains. The interest runs in the family, with one grandfather a blacksmith, another an engineer who built iron bridges, and a father who is a welder. "I love copper, I love gold and silver," she says, holding up a tiny woven patch of copper wire that shines with the recognizable contours of an apple, a prac-



ROBIN METCALFE

MacNutt's work reflects a fondness for people and their feelings



PETER BARSS

The lifesize human forms of *Kindred Spirits* command respect

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WEAVING

tice piece for a project in gold. "Look at the fire in that wire!"

After several small figures in wire, MacNutt executed larger, more abstract woven metal torsos. Then she began crossing copper wire with organic fibres. A pair of berry baskets in seagrass and copper wire led to *Kindred Spirits*.

"I wanted to come away from a representational form that locked people into seeing them in a particular way." Working from life drawings, MacNutt found the pieces took on a personality of their own. "Because there is something that happens with light, they have a movement that is implied rather than real, and an ambiguous quality, I hope."

MacNutt is now completing her first outdoor commission, for the Halifax home of Dr. and Mrs. José Aquino. The triad of figures are about half lifesize, of an all-metal construction to withstand the elements. MacNutt had the work electroplated and oxidized by a firm that does baby shoes. "If it's not done by the sculptor then weather will do it erratically," she says.

MacNutt's work appears in private and public collections in Canada and the U.S. One tapestry, *Aquamarine*, hangs in the Bedford Institute of Oceanography. Another decorates a home near Vancouver. The Massey Collection bought a dress which resides in Ottawa's National Museum of Man.

Would she ever leave social work to support herself as a weaver? "I am committed to making my work," she answers. "I am not yet committed to selling it." With her "fondness for people and their feelings," she notes, counselling is "the kind of career that really complements" her art. "Being in touch with their pain and their joy and their sorrow has a lot to do with my imagery."

MacNutt is intensely loyal to the Nova Scotia community of weavers, particularly the Atlantic Spinners and Handweavers. The group awarded her the Mary Black Award, named for the noted Wolfville weaver, to help her transport *Kindred Spirits* to Switzerland.

"I never saw more congeniality in a group. They're always wanting to share and be generous with one another. The ones that come out of the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design and the ones that have grown through the traditional blend together." She credits that spirit of cooperation with helping to produce the work that is now gaining world attention for Nova Scotia weavers.

In the future, MacNutt will continue exploring the human form, particularly through outdoor sculpture, although "it's very difficult technically." Beating copper wires on a loom requires muscle power she lacks. "If I had reason to do large scale work, I'd probably have to hire an apprentice. I can't afford to do that experimentally. So I work as best I can within the constraints of my human energy."

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PHOTO COURTESY SKI WENTWORTH

Uphill struggles for the downhill ski industry

by Francis Moran

When you think of ski country, it's unlikely that Nova Scotia, Canada's renowned "Ocean Playground," inspires much of an image. The Rockies, Quebec's Laurentian Mountains, Ontario's Collingwood region and the ski resorts of New England have long had well-developed industries that exploited both their mountainous landscapes and nature's dubious gift of heavy snowfall. In Nova Scotia, downhillers were confined to a hardy bunch of dedicated enthusiasts who were willing to invest in equipment for a short season or travel well outside the province to find decent conditions.

The introduction of artificial snow-making facilities to Nova Scotia in the late '70s changed all that and downhill skiing, with an estimated 80,000 active participants across the province, is a booming, \$40 million a year recreational winter sport, according to ski area operators, retailers and other industry people. Ski Wentworth, 150 km north of metro, is the largest hill readily available to city dwellers. A private club managed by a board of directors elected by the 600 to 800 members who buy season's passes, Wentworth recorded 60,000 skier visits over a 98-day season last

year, says general manager Bob Edey. Ski Martock, outside Windsor, is only 50 km from metro but is a smaller hill. Still, with nighttime skiing, snow-making on 80 per cent of its trails and aggressive marketing, the hill is doing very well, says its owner and operator Joe O'Brien. With a \$500,000 upgrading completed over the summer, O'Brien says he's looking forward to another record year, helped along by more than 1,300 season pass holders.

But like any other industry struggling with near-vertical growth curves, the ski industry in Nova Scotia is trying to keep pace with its own success. Without substantial new development of ski hills — particularly in their ability to carry people to the top — and of hillside facilities, there are many in the industry who fear that boom will melt into bust faster than a spring thaw.

Wentworth's Edey is one of the concerned. "We think there are 60,000 skiers out there in our market. That's Halifax, Dartmouth, Moncton and all the little stops in between. There's absolutely no way we can accommodate that many. We can't accommodate 50 per cent of them. We just don't have the uphill capacity." At Martock, uphill capacity has been increased by adding more bars to the hill's t-bar lift but, O'Brien concedes, "that is only a stopgap measure." He says his peak periods "are as packed as they can be" and efforts now are concentrated on developing business during off-peak periods.

It was in the interests of drastically increasing Wentworth's uphill capacity that the club proposed a \$3.7 million expansion plan last year. As well as adding three new chairlifts and several new trails, the ambitious design called for an additional snow-making facility, extension of the base lodge and construction of a summit lodge. Water slides were also planned to make Wentworth a year-round resort that would employ about 20 people full-time and more than 100 during the winter season. In employment-starved Cumberland County, creating such a resort seemed like a good idea.

But the club was depending on funds allocated in the Canada-Nova Scotia Tourism Subsidiary Agreement, funds it has now become apparent it won't be able to tap. The tourism sub-agreement, signed in November 1984 as part of Nova Scotia's overall Economic and Regional Development Agreement (ERDA) with Ottawa, is aimed at attracting new tourism business to the province. "The focus is to increase

the internationally competitive position of Nova Scotia's tourism industry," says Ann Thompson, an official with the federal Department of Regional Industrial Expansion in Halifax. "We're dealing with the development of products that would be able to attract new business to Nova Scotia."

Edey says that focus counts Ski Wentworth out. "One of the major requirements would be that we could show a substantial increase in the number of tourists coming in to the province. And our response back was that there was no way that any skier was going to come from Quebec or New England, travel through New Brunswick to come to Nova Scotia to go skiing. But what we could do is we could retain a large percentage of those skiers...who leave the province every winter."

Edey and others estimate that between \$25 million and \$40 million leaves Nova Scotia annually in the pockets of skiers bound for better developed slopes; money that could be retained here if the province had competitive facilities of its own. That's known as "import substitution" but despite the fancy bureaucratic handle, the concept takes a back seat in current federal-provincial tourism development strategies. Says DRIE's Thompson, "Import substitution is a consideration but it is secondary to the development of products that will bring new business to Nova Scotia."

With Wentworth's ambitious expansion plans now very much on the back burner, Edey is critical both of the lack of government support for the industry and the encouragement given his club to go on a wild goose chase for dollars. "We had thought that we might be able to participate in the current sub-agreement. We had been led to believe that that was true in our discussion with both federal and provincial people who were involved in this redevelopment and nothing came of it. The way the thing was drafted, the way it came out of Ottawa, there was just nothing there for the ski industry," he says.

At least one ski enthusiast has had to scale down his own plans — Dr. Wylie Verge, a Dartmouth medical doctor, still hopes to see a condominium development built across from Wentworth hill. Instead of the 20-unit "chalet apartments" and pool, Verge is going ahead with just an owners' log clubhouse because he believes in the long-term success of Wentworth. Verge had hoped the investment package could prove a

Why?

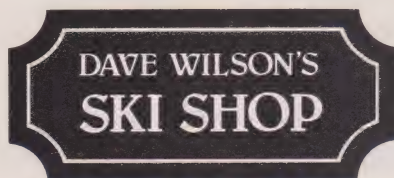
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At the foot of the slopes
WENTWORTH VALLEY

catalyst in the ski club's efforts to win funding and says, "I felt that a private project that would inject \$1 million into the community would convince the government that there were people interested in investing in the area." His interest in the development is not only as a profit-making venture, although 12 of the 20 proposed units are "spoken for." Verge has owned a house and lived in Wentworth at least on weekends, for 12 years, and says, "I enjoy the community, it has a great community spirit."

Gordon Stewart, president of the Tourism Industry Association of Nova Scotia, says the ski industry shouldn't be too disappointed; that there's not much money in the sub-agreement for anyone. Out of the \$14 million in the federal-provincial cost-shared agreement, there's only \$1.43 million available for capital grants "which is really quite insignificant. In fact, it's quite worthless overall." But Stewart notes the amount of money being spent in Nova Scotia under its ERDA "is the lowest anywhere in the country." That's a point that's not lost on Edey and others, particularly where their own industry is concerned. "Other provinces have and are recognizing the ski industry for what it can do for the province in terms of its economy and job creation," Edey says.

The industry's phenomenal growth certainly has meant a lot of trade for equipment retailers. Mike MacInnis, manager of the ski shop at Cleve's Sporting Goods in Halifax has watched his store's ski business mushroom. "We've been in the ski business for five years and we started with a little corner in the store. It picked up and grew and grew and we moved three times and now we have almost a third of our store dedicated to skis from September until June. It's definitely a very big part of the store's business." But retailers like MacInnis are concerned that a lack of facilities will cause sales to flatten out. "People are starting to get tired of the 45-minute lineups," he says.

Turning people off the sport is a fear Edey, O'Brien and other operators feel keenly. "The parking lot's full up at 10 a.m. and what do we do when the parking lot's full up?" asks Edey in frustration. "They park down the road; they park in neighbors' yards," he adds. "And then some of them just get fed up. They see the parking lot's full up, they see the lineup is 45 minutes long, they turn around and go home and they don't come back. We're faced with that right now. Once we've turn-

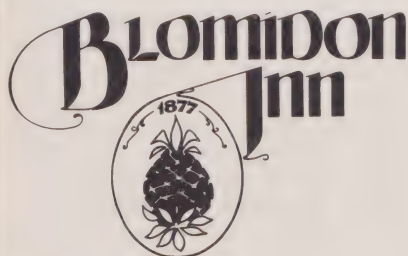


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ed them off skiing, it's not likely that they'll come back to us."

O'Brien, who as a free enterpriser would prefer to see governments offering no more than lower-interest loans to the ski industry, argues nonetheless that if the industry gets public funds in other parts of the country, the same should hold true for Nova Scotia. "Everywhere else in Canada and in most places in the United States, it is government financing that is allowing these areas to put a facility in," Edey agrees. "We argue that the precedent has been set in the rest of the country. I don't care what province you go to, the provincial and the federal governments are prepared to invest money in the ski industry. It doesn't require huge influxes of money, we're not building a big industrial plant. And the jobs we create are every bit as valid as they are in any other industry."

"We have 80,000 skiers here," says Edey, "and we believe, a very good argument for investment in the industry. But nobody's listening." **C**

Downhill Ski Guide

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14 runs, 2 T-bars, snow-making
night skiing on 50 per cent of terrain,
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50 km from Truro on Hwy. #104
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snow-making, equipment sales and rental
Telephone: Ski Wentworth 548-2808

KEPPOCH, Antigonish
13 km from Antigonish, 40 km from
New Glasgow off Hwy. #104, Exit 30
9 runs, 1 T-bar, snow-making, night
skiing, equipment rental
Telephone: 863-1764

CAPE SMOKEY, Ingonish Ferry, Cape
Breton
130 km from Sydney on the Cabot
Trail
3 runs, 1 double chairlift, pony lift,
snow-making, equipment rental
Telephone: 285-2880 (Keltic Lodge)

BEN EOIN, Cape Breton
30 km from Sydney on Hwy. #4
7 runs, T-bar, rope tow, snow mak-
ing, equipment rental
Telephone: 539-9999

ski
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More to Ski



Cross-country Family sport for all ages

It's called the best aerobic exercise there is. It's easy on the joints, doesn't leave you sore the next morning and it burns up more calories than sex. For all you downhill skiers who thought that cross-country skiing was just for "crunchy pine coners" — take note! Once considered the realm of the odd or unathletic few, cross-country skiing has become one of the fastest growing family sports in Nova Scotia.

Skiing has been around for a long time — an estimated 4,000 years. It was first introduced in the Maritimes about 1917 and one of the oldest ski clubs in Canada, The Halifax Ski Club, was started in Halifax in 1924.

"In those days skiing was not either cross-country or downhill, it was just skiing. The old leather 'bear trap' harnesses were so loose you could lift your heel and go anywhere — uphill, downhill, or through woods and fields," says Shirley Ellis, a member of the Halifax Ski Club during the '40s.

The Halifax Ski Club was incor-

porated through the efforts of some avid skiers. Their first ski trips were out to Sackville where they would ski through the woods to the Sackville River. The club then took trips further afield — going to Ellershouse, near Windsor, and to Wentworth where there was the largest hill within reasonable distance of Halifax. Roads were poor in those days, especially in the spring and winter. Through a contact with the CNR, the ski club arranged for an extra passenger car to be placed on the Ocean Limited. It travelled from Halifax to Montreal, passing through Wentworth.

This was the beginning of the famous ski trains. The problem with these trains, says Ellis, was their unpredictability. She remembers one night when a snow storm delayed the train returning to Halifax. They had to first hike up the mountain to the station, then wait all night for the train. However, the train station at Wentworth was too small for 20-odd members, so they had to take turns standing inside by the stove. To keep

warm, the members outside on the platform square-danced the night away while someone played the mouth organ. On this particular occasion Ellis remembers that when they finally got back to Halifax, she had time only to dress and get to work.

Cross-country skiing has grown in popularity in Nova Scotia in the last 15 years. During that time many other ski clubs have sprung up, as well as many resorts catering to the skiers.

One such club, The Halifax Women's Ski Club run by Wendy Scott, was formed in 1980. "We started with 12 people and a rickety old bus. Since then we have grown to 75 members," says Scott. "Our ski trips are mainly day trips, usually on Tuesdays to the Old Orchard Inn or Wentworth. We also have week-long ski trips to Keltic Lodge."

Accommodations can prove to be an equally enjoyable part of a cross-country ski trip. In Annapolis Royal there are two country inns operated by the owner of the Blomidon Inn in

Wolfville, Ron Phillips — The Bread and Roses, an old Victorian brick mansion, and the recently purchased Hillside House.

In the southern part of the province, Kejimikujik National Park covers a 381-square-kilometre area. The park has four cross-country ski areas with trails suitable for the beginner skier and a 25 km trek for the more experienced. In total, there are approximately 48 kilometres of trails.

Bruce and Nancy Gurnham, owners of The Whitman Inn located next to Kejie, describe the trails as breathtaking. "All are well marked," says Nancy, "and for the most part very easy to manage. There are a few parts that are tricky, like the run that has the tree at the bottom I can't help hitting every time."

Another spectacular skiing area is Keltic Lodge in Cape Breton. There are over 100 km of cross-country ski trails in the Cape Breton Highlands National Park, which range in difficulty from beginners' trails to more advanced with some very steep terrain.

Wendy Scott of the Halifax Women's Ski Club arranges two week-long trips a winter to Keltic. The cost is \$298 for a five-day trip. That includes return bus fare, lodgings and all meals.

Scott describes the trails in the Highlands Park as a skier's delight. They are well marked and most have been well-groomed. The only occasional problem has been when a moose has walked along the ski trails leaving its deep hoof prints, which tend to break up the snow.

A little closer to home, Scott organizes day trips to Wentworth. Unlike the days when Shirley Ellis and the Halifax Ski Club skied there, the resort is well-prepared for both downhill and cross-country.

As cross-country skiing has grown in popularity in Nova Scotia, so have the number of clubs. Besides The Halifax Women's Ski Club, a new club in Halifax has been formed called the Citadel Striders. So named because they can often be seen scurrying up and down Citadel Hill, this group of 25 to 30 individuals is active in racing and recruiting new members. Organizer Ron Rhodenizer says in particular they are looking for potential Canada Games athletes for 1987.

Rhodenizer is also national chairman for the Jackrabbit Ski League. This is a national cross-country ski program for eight to 13-year-old children. It's designed to acquaint youngsters with cross-country skiing and nutrition and fitness as well. The league provides a skill awards pro-

gram, much like most children experience with swimming lessons.

The Jackrabbit Ski League is named after Herman "Jackrabbit" Smith-Johannsen, who was born in Norway. After immigrating to Canada from the U.S., he pioneered the development of cross-country skiing in Eastern Canada.

As in starting any new sport, the cost of equipment can be expensive. However, the price of cross-country skis is going down because of technological improvements in the manufacturing. Prices range from \$69 to \$169. There are basically four types of cross-country skis: racing skis which are quite narrow; touring skis which are wider; back country skis which are wider still; and Telemark skis which have metal edges. The latter make it easier for the skier to grip on sharp turns and allows the more experienced skier to handle steep hills. Many ski shops offer a trade-in program for children's skis.



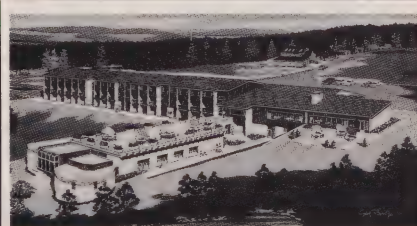
Boots range in price from \$34 to \$134; poles from \$6 to \$36 and bindings are about \$25.

Although cross-country skiing is increasing in popularity in the province, according to David Comeau of the Trail Shop, there is still a long way to go. He says, "Although cross-country skiing has picked up in Nova Scotia, it does nothing to rival B.C. Even when I was out there this summer, on Grouse Mountain the paths were busy with people roller skiing, keeping in shape for the winter months."

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- Deborah Draper

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Cross-country wear

Cross-country skiers have almost as many choices as their downhill cousins. Traditional knee-length woollen knickers are still around, as are jeans, but skiers have discovered the comfort and convenience of bright, light, wind resistant, two-piece warm-up suits, roomy enough for layering but slim fitting for maximum movement. Owners of local sporting goods store, Aerobics First, have designed their own unlined suits, from fabric that is 100 per cent nylon but has the look and feel of cotton. These come in a wide range of attractive colors — two-toned jackets with matching solid color pants.

Lycra tights, in burgundy, black and many shades of blue, are ideal under these suits, topped with a soft, warm woollen sweater — stylish, sporty and like everything else, versatile. Cumberland County Knitters, a Wallace, N.S. company makes hand-knit sweaters in warm, heathery colors, with contrasting fair isle yokes, that have matching mitts, socks,

scarves and toques. The outfit can be completed with leg warmers, which are best saved for après-ski wear. Many European sweaters are loose and lovely in pastel shades, and plackets, zippers, drawstrings and insets are the order of the day.

For the serious skier and racer, gleaming lycra-nylon one-piece suits hug the body like a second skin — skinny suits for skinny skis. Some European manufacturers are making the sleek, "skin suit" in slightly heavier, less shiny, fabric.

All the best ski wear isn't in the ski shops, some casual wear stores have padded canvas vests and jackets that are warm and comfortable, and need only a water resistant spray to adapt happily to the trails.

If you are not in the market for new clothing, check out accessories. A bright cotton turtleneck will jazz up a conservative ski suit. Metallic socks guarantee warm feet, as do socks in a silk-wool-nylon mix with shaped ankles for a snug fit. If it's really cold, the new neoprene ski masques cover



PHOTO 67

the lower face and cheeks.

However cold it is when you start out, half an hour of brisk skiing will warm up all but the most sedate skier, and each and every piece of cross-country wear can be bundled up in a fanny pack or knapsack and come out looking great — which is how you'll look from a day spent in the snow and sunshine.

- Anne Tempelman-Kluit

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Ski equipment A beginners' guide

Skiers speak a mysterious language full of words like moguls, schuss and slalom. But in order to christie and traverse in safety and style, the subject of boots, bindings and skis requires translation.

Downhill racer or pre-beginner, they all experience some confusion when it comes to equipment, and wandering through the maze of sporting goods stores and specialty magazines gives one the feeling of taking three steps backward rather than one forward. For the novice it's not a complete necessity to have ski boots color coordinated with flowered longjohns. It's more important to be outfitted with the equipment best suited to the skier's ability.

Three approaches to the problem are:

- rental;
- buying second-hand;
- investing in a modest "package".

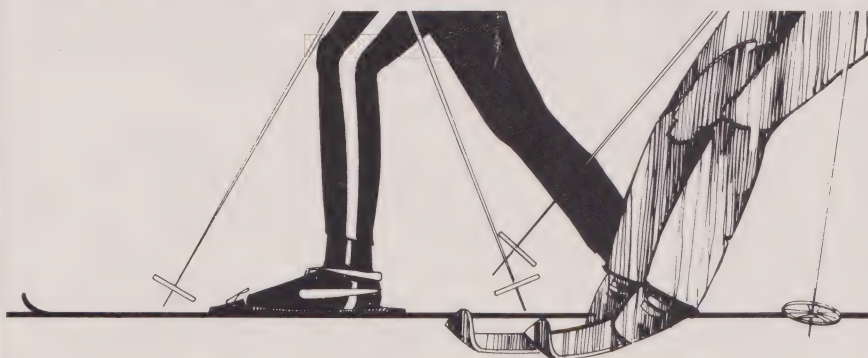
Through my experience as a ski instructor it's obvious that the majority of people who make it through their first lesson and day on the hill are hooked and return time and time again, joining the mad migration at 5 a.m. every winter weekend. But the first day's equipment can make or break a budding ski enthusiast. The boots may feel great in the lodge, the skis while poised on the roof-rack may perfectly match the car, but the two combined and attached to feet could easily create havoc on the slopes.

I advise renting all equipment for the first few outings. Keep a written record of the ski make, model and length — the same for boots and poles. Bindings are a different matter. They're rarely the same on rental equipment as those sold in stores.

Ski boots vary as much as shoes do from flip-flops. It's extremely important to have boots that fit well and keep the feet fairly warm (sometimes impossible in today's cold plastic boots). Top of the line boots are for top-notch skiers only. Beginners, even after jogging five kilometres a day in preparation for the ski season, can't hope to have legs strong enough to bend the hard shells.

Rental packages are found at every ski development and are now available at city ski shops. Line-ups are as inevitable as at the tows, but the wait is worth it for equipment that's safe and regularly tested.

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2	38	19	16	15
3	36	18	15	14
4	34	17	14	13
5	32	16	13	12

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JOHN DENVER
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CFDR 68
WHERE VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE.

The Canadian Ski Patrol provides a service for those with rapidly growing kids and people not yet ready to invest in new equipment. The annual Ski Swap at Maritime Mall in Halifax is a clearing-house for hundreds of pieces of second-hand skis, boots and poles. Equipment is received during a week in late October and sold over the weekend, at the owners' suggested price with the ski patrol keeping a percentage. Ian Davie, ski patrol leader at Wentworth says the quality of skis has improved greatly in recent years. His advice is "first, buy the boot," then find the skis and bindings. The ski patrol stresses safety above all in choosing bindings. Davie says, "when gear comes in, if the binding isn't up to standard, we won't sell it to the public."

Once the decision is made to buy new equipment a skier may feel better after shopping around, but unless one store is advertising an incredible sale, prices are fairly consistent.

Sales people and ski mechanics are generally very knowledgeable about the performance of the goods they stock and won't try to sell world cup racing gear to a first-time skier. Bindings on skis are as important as tires on a car. It's not recommended that recreational skiers use bindings equipped with racing springs any more than to unearth grandmother's 1936 rat trap bindings.

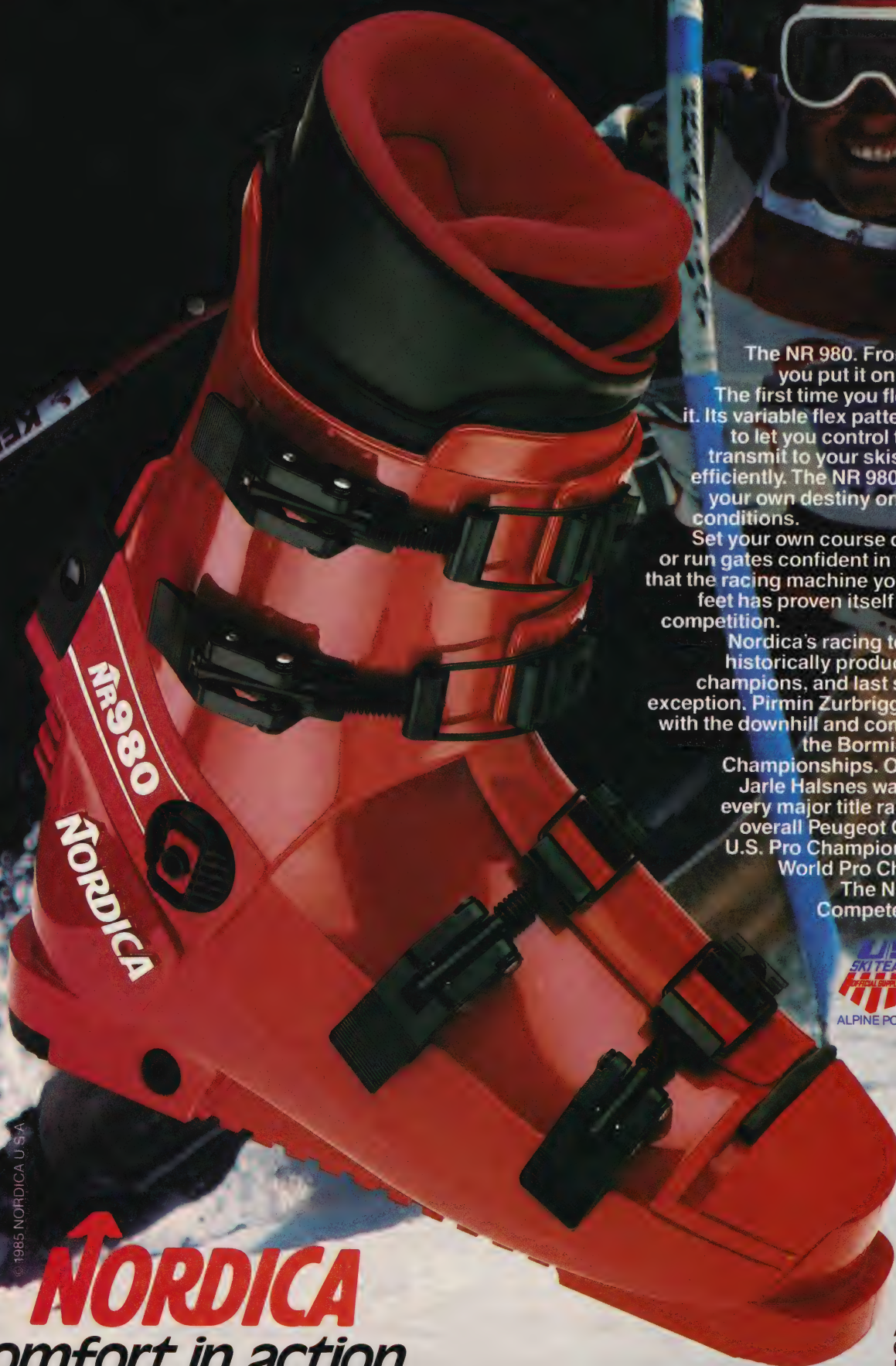
Most ski areas have ski shops as well as rental and repair services. If you're going to buy equipment at the hill, it's advisable to avoid the morning rush and take a break from skiing later in the day. The ski shop may be able to provide a variety of demo skis, different from the inventory of the rental equipment.

For those who want to ski every minute the lift is open, there's now a number of Halifax specialty stores. Sports Experts on the Dutch Village Road, Aerobics First (you thought it was only for runners), and Cleve's have trained staff and high-quality, dependable equipment. They don't all carry the same lines, but the overlap in some areas gives both a wide selection and a competitive edge. Sports Experts are a little different. They have their own skis under the name Tecno, produced exclusively for them by an international ski manufacturer. The skis are good quality and reasonably priced.

No matter what the choice, rental, used or new, have your bindings checked by a qualified ski technician to make sure your ski season is safe and not sorry.

- Judy Robertson

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Nordica's racing technology has historically produced the boot of champions, and last season was no exception. Pirmin Zurbriggen skied away with the downhill and combined titles at the Bormio World Alpine Championships. On the pro side, Jarle Halsnes was victorious in every major title race winning the overall Peugeot Grand Prix, the U.S. Pro Championships and the World Pro Championships.

The NR 980. Ski in it. Compete in it. Win in it.



Photo of
Pirmin Zurbriggen
World Champion

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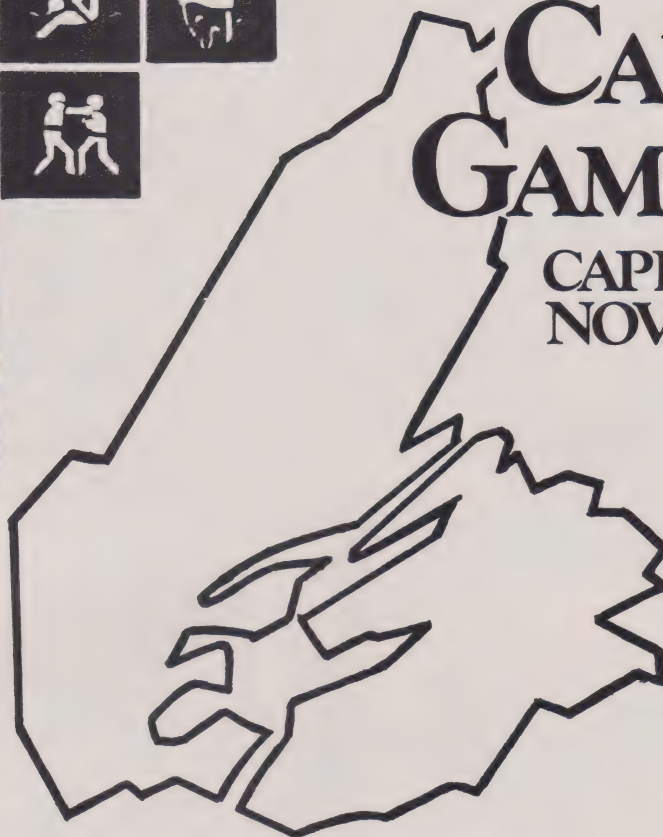
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PHOTO COURTESY AEROBICS FIRST

Downhill Fashion: color and dash from the inside out

by Anne Tempelman-Kluit

Sleek, chic, bright and bold or pastel pretty, the choice is yours to look cool and stay warm on the slopes this winter. Local stores have a wide range of Canadian and European ski clothing, as well as some locally designed and manufactured, all of it versatile, comfortable — and flattering. Many ski outfits will take to the slopes and trails, and be equally at ease sailing, running, cycling, walking or just watching.

While colors and designs come and go, basic ski clothing, of necessity, doesn't change that much. But each year brings a bewildering array

of fabric finishes — antron, dacron, elasthan, gore-tex, montauk, parafin cloth, powdercloth, rattler, tactel, taslan, mariposa and polyamide to name a few, as well as different insulators of varying weights. Everyone wants to look good but how and where you ski has to be taken into consideration and the most important decision the skier has to make is how warmly to dress. Nothing is more miserable than shivering in the lift lines but overdressing causes excessive perspiration which, as it cools, also results in the shivers. Most assistants in local sporting goods



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stores are knowledgeable and informative skiers themselves. If you're not sure what you need, ask, if they're not sure, go somewhere else.

Several light layers of clothing, which produce insulated air pockets, are more effective, and comfortable, than a single bulky layer. Add or subtract as comfort dictates. But layering doesn't have to be lumpy.

Whatever goes on top, polypropylene underwear goes underneath. These crew or turtleneck tops and longjohns draw the moisture away from the skin, keeping you warm and

dry. This year manufacturers have added luscious peach and baby blue to the standard navy, bright blue, white or red sets.

Cotton turtleneck sweaters, usually the next layer, are available everywhere this year in a rainbow of colors and patterns. But what goes on next separates the racers from the recreational skiers.

Downhill skiers with the shape to wear them will welcome the return of the skin tight black stretch pant, without an extra ounce of fabric to slow you down. Fashion decrees that

these be tight enough for your companions to tell if it's heads or tails on the dime in your pocket.

For the expert, downhill racing pants in serious navy, red, grey or blue have slalom gate pads to protect hips, thighs, and knees. Matching, boldly striped sweaters are padded on arms and chest. Racers swear that these tight fitting outfits, worn over thermal underwear, are equal to any weather conditions. And just to prove that clothes do not make the skier, some racers have forsaken the traditional ski gloves for metallic insulated gloves or mitts, which reflect the heat back onto the body and are worn under gardening gloves. The newest coordinates are ski poles and gloves in acid yellow, pink, powder blue or white.

While gardening gloves, racing and stretch pants are only for the confident, anyone looks good in the softly-draped, easy fitting one-piece suits. These have always been popular with women, but now men are trying them out. For beginners these have the advantage of leaving no nooks or crannies to let in sifting snow and they're warm. Many one-piece suits are basically wind resistant shells and should be worn over a track suit, or sweater and tights, and insulated underwear. Local sporting goods stores have heavier one-piece suits, and with Nova Scotia's capricious weather conditions in mind, these have zippers that allow you to open various sections of the top for ventilation on warmer days.

Less is definitely more in downhill jackets and pants, unless you are talking about color. Thin thermal liners have mostly replaced the fluffier down, so jackets are lighter and slimmer fitting. Pockets are everywhere, and hoods, concealed in collars, have drawstrings and peaks. One manufacturer even provides an extra square of fabric, tucked in the bottom edge of a jacket, as a portable waterproof seat.

Caguals are neck warmers that have become elongated, and loose enough to cover the head and fall in cosy folds around the neck. Secure one end over the head with a matching or contrasting cap, or a twisted head band.

If you get to the slopes and discover you've left some vital item of clothing behind, don't despair. The ski shops on the hill have a complete range of clothing, much of it high fashion, one of a kind outfits.

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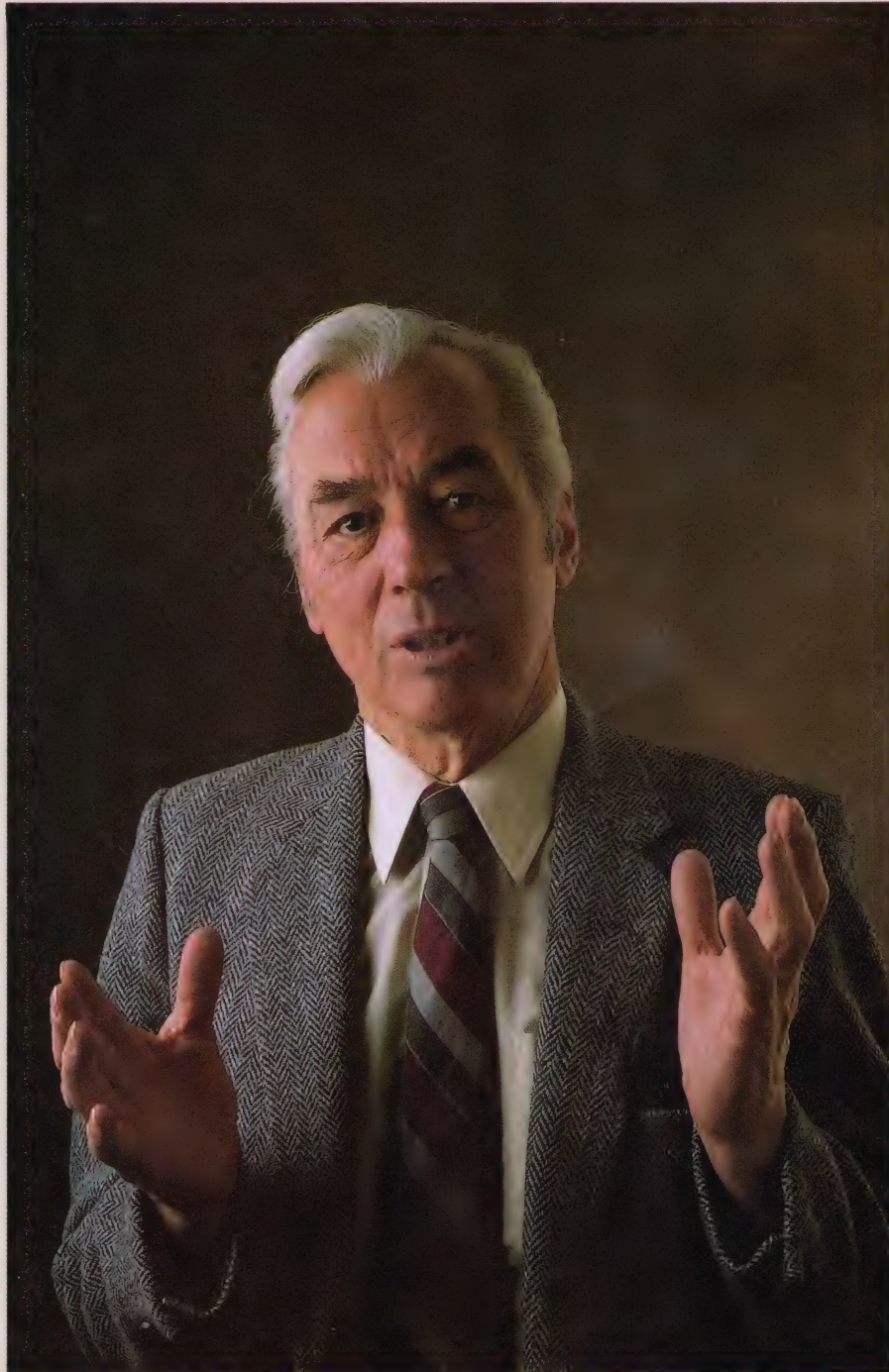


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An old soldier's battle for peace in a military town

Giff Gifford, a Second World War veteran, is the most prominent figure in a growing peace movement in Halifax: a city which harbors nuclear arms and is central in Canada's role in the arms race



STUDIO STILL LIFE

by Valerie Mansour

I've re-enlisted," says C.G. "Giff" Gifford, a Second World War bomber navigator, squadron leader and recipient of the Distinguished Flying Cross. The reason he joined up this time, he explains, is the same as last: "We went to war because we felt our children's future was in danger. Now it's very much in danger and we've signed up again."

The ideal may be the same, but there is a difference. What Gifford has "signed up" for is the cause of disarmament and anti-militarism. He's the founder of Veterans for Multilateral Nuclear Disarmament, now a nationwide group with 400 members — veterans of the Second World War and Korea — and with links to a growing body of war veterans in other countries who are speaking out against the arms race.

A handsome, soft-spoken 67-year-old, Gifford is also the most prominent peace activist in Halifax — a city of many peace activists, and one where the nuclear arms debate has been quietly, and sometimes not so quietly, increasing in intensity.

Those who have a problem with the logic of Gifford's commitment as a pacifist soldier will have a similar problem with his city. Halifax is the most military of Canadian cities. It was founded for military purposes, and with 25 per cent of its work force still depending on the Department of National Defence, the military touches many aspects of life. More to the point, it's a strategic port for the American nuclear-armed submarine fleet.

It's around the visit of these submarines that peace activism has crystallized — along with, more recently, the fact that governments have been seeking more and more military-related industries for Nova Scotia. The situation, say the peace groups, makes the city not just a participant in defence but a supporter of the concept of nuclear war.

Gifford says the peace movement in Halifax is still far from being as strong as it is in Vancouver, Victoria, Winnipeg or Toronto, but is gaining fast. Notably, over the past couple of years there has been the emergence of groups of professional people against the nuclear buildup. Lawyers for Social Responsibility, a national group formed only recently, has its most active chapter in Halifax. There are similar organizations for doctors and engineers, in addition to older bodies like the Voice of Women, Project Ploughshares, OXFAM and others.

One of these groups' major skirmishes was the attempt to get the question of a nuclear-free zone on the ballot during last fall's municipal elections. The move failed. Some 200 Canadian communities have had such votes, and many have declared themselves "nuclear free." Most, however, don't have nuclear weapons within their boundaries, even temporary-

COVER STORY

ly. Halifax — and Vancouver — do, although it's never admitted which specific submarines are or are not nuclear armed. If Halifax were to succeed somehow in banning nuclear-armed subs, it would engage the nation profoundly, creating conflict with the United States like the one New Zealand has engaged by banning American subs from its harbors.

Despite this, a public opinion poll in the Halifax-Dartmouth area in the spring showed 72 per cent wanted a nuclear free zone. An even higher number — nearly 80 per cent — wanted the matter put to vote at the municipal elections, but city council resisted.

Giff Gifford's odyssey through war and peace began when he enlisted for duty in World War II while a theology student at McGill University in Montreal. He made 49 bombing raids over Europe, including over Dresden. "We killed 100,000 people at Dresden," he says. "One cruise missile has 30 times the explosive power of the Dresden raid."

When he returned he studied social work in the U.S. then worked in community centres, with street gangs and psychiatric patients in a hospital. He returned to Montreal in 1955 to teach university. While there he became president of the Schweitzer Group of the Unitarian Church and campaigned to end H-bomb tests. He then decided to put his peace politics into the federal arena and ran four times for the NDP. He had been a Liberal but in 1963 Prime Minister Lester Pearson accepted Bomarc missiles with their nuclear warheads in Canada. Says Gifford, "When it was clear Lester Pearson was going to sell out to the nuclear arms race, I looked to the NDP."

After a stint at the University of Manitoba, he came to Halifax to be director of the Maritime School of Social Work. In 1982, he and a colleague felt inspired to form Veterans for Multilateral Nuclear Disarmament because of the work being done by Generals for Peace and Disarmament, a group of seven NATO generals in Europe. They contacted two fellow veterans and the four each listed ten others to ask to join them. Four out of five agreed. The group has participated in peace marches and is often invited to present briefs to government commissions, the most recent being the hearings on Canada's renewal of its NORAD agreement. "We're high profile, but not just because of our wisdom which is frequently at odds with government policy."

The Veterans usually hold their press conferences at the local legion. "The Legion isn't happy with us," Gifford says. "But they know we are vets and we've paid our dues. They feel an obligation to give us our rights." Gifford says many veterans have instinctive and unconscious emotional reactions that the group, Veterans for Multilateral Nuclear Disarmament, put down the sacrifices people made. "And some just have an old-

fashioned belief in authority." Says Gifford, "Some vets' minds are still stuck in 1939. It's not that they're bad people. It's really hard to take the jump when you're surrounded by people who haven't taken it."

Gifford was part of a Canadian delegation that visited the Soviet Union for a week in August 1984, as guests of the Soviet war veterans committee. They were shown cultural and historical sites, especially war memorials. Gifford says he visited one cemetery where 600,000 people were buried who had died of starvation during the war. "That's more than the Canadian and U.S. dead combined.

I've always felt an obligation towards the Soviet war vets because it was they who really broke the backs of Hitler's armies." Gifford and his group are also involved with veterans from North Atlantic countries. A conference of veterans on the demilitarization of the North Atlantic may be held in Halifax this summer.

Gifford is optimistic that this battle for peace will be won. "We're getting close," he says confidently. "I often refer to the abolition of slavery debates in 1858 and 1859 in the United States Senate. They said slavery was instituted by God, et cetera. By reading that you would think it was going to exist for 5,000 years, but



four years later it ended.”

American submarines have been using Halifax as a liberty port since 1968. Officially, the Canadian government does not allow transport or storage of nuclear weapons in Canadian waters, but complies with the U.S. policy of not saying whether the weapons are on board. Twelve to 15 U.S. subs arrive each year and usually dock away from the public eye at CFB Shearwater on the Dartmouth side where a renovated jetty is ready to host them. Canada spent \$1.8 million to resurface the concrete jetty to bring it up to NATO standards. The so-called “umbilical cords” — air lines, steam lines and electrical lines were paid for by the United States.

While the repair work at Shearwater was being done, the *Casimir Pulaski*, a ballistic missile submarine, arrived in Halifax and stayed in full view in the harbor. The sub carried 16 Trident missiles which have enough range to hit the Soviet Union from Halifax. Each of its eight 100-kiloton warheads has 40 times the power of the 1917 Halifax explosion which killed over 1,600 people.

“These subs put Halifax in a dangerous position,” says Gifford. “With the enormous power of these weapons we can’t afford one risk.” Critics like Gifford contend there is a possibility of a radiation leak, a collision in the harbor or even a terrorist attack. In the United States nuclear accidents have hap-

pened although it is not easy to get records of them. During a pre-trial discovery in a civil action filed under the Freedom of Information Act, U.S. Navy officials revealed the existence of classified records containing summaries of 379 major and minor nuclear weapons accidents between 1965 and 1977. In Boston and New York there has been a serious opposition to putting nuclear armed ships in their harbors. Operation Dismantle, an Ottawa-based group, hopes to challenge the legality of allowing nuclear weapons in Canadian harbors. “It’s unbelievable that reactors and weapons and things that have had major accidents can just cruise in and out of major cities,” says Dismantle’s researcher Bill Robinson.



One of the many nuclear-armed U.S. submarines to visit Halifax each year leaves the harbor under the watchful surveillance of the sub watch committee

PHOTOS BY MARK SIMKINS

COVER STORY

"It's no big deal" counters Dan Middlemiss, a Dalhousie University political scientist specializing in strategic defence studies who believes the threat provided by the subs is not great enough to demand to know when there are nukes on board — unless Canada is determined to be a nuclear free state. "And on my grounds that contradicts our historical policy that has served us well." James Bush, a former commander who now works for the Centre for Defence Information in Washington, believes Canada should be informed, but, he says, Canada should only ban the subs from its harbors if it wants to make a clear statement. "New Zealand opposes nuclear weapons, nuclear power and nuclear war. They are using their refusal to allow U.S. ships as a means of implementing that statement."

In the summer of 1984, New Zealand's Labour government banned American subs from their waters. "Peace squadrons" made up of hundreds of people on sailboats and surfboards greeted every U.S. warship and submarine, causing a virtual blockade of the harbors. Bush says Canada would have difficulty shutting out the submarines. "The economic retaliation on Canada would be monumental," he says. "The U.S. did threaten New Zealand. And it's outrageous because a country has the right to object to nuclear weapons."

In Halifax, there's a specific group

which hopes to make Nova Scotia a New Zealand of the Atlantic, despite the odds. They call themselves "sub watchers" and try to sound the alarm each time a nuclear submarine comes to call. Finding out when a submarine is to arrive is difficult because the navy confirms a sub's presence only when it is in port. So, numerous people keep an eye on the foggy harbor. One sub watcher lives on the shore outside the city and alerts the group when he sees a sub heading towards the mouth of the harbor. Another works in a building high on a hill and is alerted by his co-workers each time they see an ominous sub slink into port. Even a source from within, an employee at the Shearwater base, has on occasion informed the committee. That comes as no surprise to Giff Gifford. "The military aren't all for this. A lot of military know if these weapons are used, that's the end of it."

Once the sub watch committee knows the name or number of a submarine, they look it up in *Jane's Fighting Ships*, a huge book that provides detailed information on every vessel. If the submarine has nuclear capabilities, a phone network springs into operation, and with 24 hours, about 200 people are informed of the sub's presence. Many then gather at a vigil where the submarine is docked. "The problem is not to burn out," says sub watcher Valerie Osborne. "It's a long haul to protest each sub that comes into

the harbor." Osborne says even if they don't accomplish their long-term goal of ridding the harbor of these subs, the effort is worthwhile to raise people's awareness. "The subs have no business to be here," she says. "It's against the goal of the Canadian government."

That goal is not as clear as Canada's peaceful reputation might imply. Canada is integrally linked to the arms race. It is a supplier of raw materials to the U.S. defence industry. It produces component parts and it is a site for testing nuclear weapons delivery vehicles. Canada will not build its own nuclear weapons but at the same time pursues defence and industrial policies based on a very close involvement with nuclear weapons.

"Our involvement is indirect," says Middlemiss. "We consciously took a decision after the war not to be involved. Then we became a nuclear power and now we've divested ourselves. We're right back again."

Although the country's participation may be described as indirect, there are systems in which Canada participates that are central to nuclear combat. Just last year an American defence analyst released details of U.S. plans to deploy nuclear depth-charges at CFB Greenwood and nuclear-equipped B-52s to our air bases in the event of an alert. At the time government officials denied knowing about this and even attempted to keep the



information from its own standing committee on External Affairs and National Defence by blacking out the titles of eight Canada-U.S. defence agreements on a list provided to the committee.

Also, Atlantic Canada will soon become a prominent participant in the military industrial sector. Litton Systems (Canada) Ltd., one of the country's biggest arms producers, is planning to set up a plant in the Maritimes and promises to employ 400 local people. Litton makes navigational components for the U.S. nuclear-armed cruise missile and is the prime supplier for half the 11,000 guideline systems. In late November Litton received a \$61.6 million (U.S.) contract for navigation computers for Tomahawk cruise missiles for the U.S. navy. The company is also bidding on a contract to be awarded in March or April to build a low-level air defence radar system, which it says it will build in Charlottetown after development authorities in Nova Scotia failed to lure it to Cape Breton.

Litton's form of job creation is challenged by many in the peace and economic communities. "There is no question we need jobs in Nova Scotia," says Saint Mary's University economist Martha MacDonald. "Yet there is good reason to argue that they are not the kinds of jobs we most need."

The aircraft manufacturer Pratt and Whitney, a subsidiary of United Technologies, the second largest



Gifford speaks to the "Pentagon party poopers" demonstrating outside a Halifax hotel during a meeting of U.S. officials.

American military contractor, was drawn to Nova Scotia by millions of dollars in subsidies and grants from three levels of government. As well, the Nova Scotia education department will offer a technology course to train workers for Pratt's high-tech, computer integrated industry. Last July the firm won four contracts from National Defence worth \$10.9 million and in the same month the sod was turned for a \$90 million, 124,000 square foot factory at the new Aerotech Business

Park near the Halifax airport.

According to MacDonald, investing in defence industries is expensive. "One billion American dollars spent in defence buys 76,000 jobs, in health services 139,000 and in education 187,000 jobs."

Canada is increasingly looking to military spending as an economic solution. In December 1984, officials from the Pentagon began a cross-country tour to teach Canadian businesses how to win defence contracts. Halifax peace activists



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organized demonstrations that greeted the meeting at every step. While about 100 people demonstrated at lunchtime outside the hotel where the meeting was being held, 14 people sat in a circle in the hotel's mezzanine level singing peace songs and entwining themselves with yarn as a symbol of unity. Hotel managers called the police and the demonstrators were later found guilty of trespassing. However — and this is perhaps indicative of a wider public mood — the judge sentenced them only to one day in jail, considered served by their presence in court. The “Pentagon party poopers” became heroes in the local peace movement. Buttons were made that read “I was arrested for peace” and a large crowd attended a benefit cabaret to raise money for their defence. As the Halifax peace movement grows it diversifies and strikes deeper roots. “It's unfortunate in a sense but the professional class has given the peace movement some credibility,” says Ron Stockton, co-founder of Lawyers for Social Responsibility, who feels that credibility should already have existed. “It's more difficult to red-bait a doctor or lawyer. I'm less likely to be called a dupe of Moscow as a member of this group.”

Stockton is also a member of the Halifax Referendum Committee which had attempted to get the question of nuclear free zone on the ballot in the last municipal election. City council's grounds for turning it down was that it was not a local issue.

Almost 200 communities in Canada have had similar referenda on disarmament or on declaring nuclear free zones. Over 76 per cent have so far voted in favor. In 1983, ten New Brunswick communities voted in favor of disarmament. And in Nova Scotia, councils in Lunenburg town and county and in Trenton have declared their communities nuclear free zones. In Chester 77 per cent of the population voted in favor of disarmament while in last fall's Wolfville municipal election double the previous number of voters turned out and voted 75 per cent in favor of declaring the area a nuclear free zone.

“Endorsing nuclear free zones is important,” says Giff Gifford, who believes that Halifax will have its referendum sooner or later. “It's something at a local level that people can really feel. A major factor in New Zealand was the nuclear weapons free zone in municipalities.”

And to Gifford everyone is capable of feeling — and changing. “I don't write anyone off,” he says. “People are changing their minds all the time. And it's a one-way change. I've never met anyone who went from being anti-nuclear to being pro.”

People are just not accepting the notion of what nuclear arms can do, he says emphatically. “If politicians and the military were ready to accept the true nature of nuclear arms, they'd have to reverse their policy and do what we're doing.”



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The ghost outports of

Newfoundland's controversial resettlement program for poor outport communities still raises hackles two decades later. But some of the denuded communities have found a new life — if only during the fishing season

by Peter Gard

Today, 20 years later, the worst wounds have healed. But below the surface there remains much bitterness at the heavy-handed methods the Newfoundland government used to move people from isolated outport communities to more prosperous "growth centres."

Some, who decided to stay against the odds, are doing as well today as those who moved. In many minds the question remains as sharp as ever: should the resettlement program have ever taken place?

Much of the program concentrated on Placentia Bay, where 814 families were uprooted between 1966 and 1969. The bay is some 60 miles west of St. John's, and is far from being the province's most isolated region. It was, however, one of the province's poorest in the 1960s.

Half of Placentia Bay's population of 6,500 lived in picturesque but isolated settlements, wholly dependent on a declining salt cod fishery. Most of these settlements had long histories and in the past had been self-sustaining communities. But by the mid-60s it was becoming clear that the

bay's island outports (like most others in the province) were being left behind in the critical areas of schooling, medical services and industrial development.

Earlier schemes to deal with the problem had failed. Only three communities in the bay took advantage of a provincial program which started in 1953 and which provided moving subsidies — an average of \$300 per family. A 90 per cent vote of support was necessary before the program took effect in a particular community.

The Fisheries Household Resettlement Program, instituted by Premier Joey Smallwood's government in 1965, was another matter. With joint federal-provincial funding, it took a carrot-and-stick approach that all but forced the residents to move.

Extravagant promises of jobs in certain



Far left: Summer fishermen wait on the Red Island wharf for the collector boat; the graveyard at Great Paradise is falling into ruin. Left: two views of Petit Forte — an abandoned house and the still functioning harbor on an overcast afternoon



PHOTOS BY PETER GARD

Placentia Bay

designated growth centres were combined with the threat that communities which failed to move would lose essential services. Cash incentives were increased substantially. By the program's end, they averaged \$2,500 per family, a small fortune to fishermen used to a mere subsistence.

Most insidious of all, the majority vote needed to set the program in motion in any community was lowered from 90 per cent to 80 per cent. This served to isolate each outport's most established citizens — merchants and the more prosperous fishermen — who had the most to lose from moving.

In many parts of Newfoundland, the program set off a sort of panic that can overtake a crowd in the face of a natural disaster. Outport communities, which had never before experienced a local meeting or even

a quarrel which could not be resolved around a kitchen stove, suddenly found themselves rent by petitions, committees and contention.

Only one petition was necessary to initiate resettlement, and once the program was in motion there were few checks or balances to give anyone time for reconsideration. Canvassing regularly fell into the hands of those who had initiated the resettlement idea in the first place, and at the program's height, the mere arrival of a program information officer was taken by many as a sign to start packing. Throughout Newfoundland, rural communities began to collapse in confusion.

Placentia Bay's many island outports were particularly susceptible to the combined threat of cut services and increased isola-

tion. Resettlement was influenced, too, by the promise of jobs at the oil refinery to be built at Come-by-Chance at the head of the bay.

In the space of three years (1966-69) all 15 of the bay's island outports and another 14 isolated mainland communities voted to resettle. In all, 814 Placentia Bay families shifted — almost half the entire population of the bay.

People moved, for the most part, to other communities in the bay, and in particular to the official growth centres such as Placentia, Rushoon and Arnold's Cove — all linked by highway to St. John's.

The confusion was at its worst in Arnold's Cove, a small, fogbound outport close to the proposed Come-by-Chance oil refinery. Before resettlement, Arnold's Cove had a two-room school and a population of 30 families; but 139 additional families chose to relocate at the Cove, straining every facility.

The outports that people had left behind had had adequate schools and churches, wharves, gardens and shops. It was years before the new communities matched the old in these kinds of services and amenities. Moreover, in these designated growth centres, the best land was already taken, the cost of living was high, and jobs were much scarcer than the new arrivals had been led to believe.

On the positive side, the larger communities did eventually offer better schooling, better medical care, and better municipal and recreational services. Over the years, Arnold's Cove and other "instant" resettlement towns have begun to look less like ugly ducklings and more like average Newfoundland communities.

The pain of resettlement itself has receded over the past 20 years. The generation that suffered most from the move has passed on, and a new generation has grown up with no direct experience of traditional outport living. There is enormous nostalgia for the bay's "lost" outports, but few who moved 20 years ago would be willing once again to uproot themselves and move back.

Still, feelings run high in the bay about the wisdom of the move. "I'd rather be one day in Tack's Beach than 17 years in Arnold's Cove," is how one "new" Cove resident put it, recalling the place she still calls home. Most of her neighbors, however, did not object so strongly to the Cove.

It has also been only five or six years since Arnold's Cove began to prosper. The Come-by-Chance oil refinery is a rusting \$200 million ruin to the north. It went bankrupt after four years and has stayed idle for ten. The Placentia Bay fishery, however, revived in the mid-1970s, and in 1979, National Sea Products Ltd. built a fish processing plant in the community which at peak periods employs 350 people. The plant has made Arnold's Cove one of Placentia Bay's success stories. Gone are the quagmire roads and the sight of people carrying water in buckets to their transplanted houses. Arnold's Cove, today, looks prosperous. Its

houses are well maintained, its streets are full of traffic, and come evening, the community wharf bustles with children fishing "conners" and adults out for a stroll.

Fishing is still the main occupation in the bay despite the wild promises and disruptions of the settlement program. But while hundreds of families left their homes near Placentia Bay's best fishing grounds and moved closer to the bay's processing centres, the fish stayed where they always had been: out by the isolated headlands and islands.

This created an irony. With the revival of the Placentia Bay fishery in the mid-1970s, several hundred fishermen started moving back to the abandoned communities for the duration of the fishing season.



South East Bight refused to resettle; there's no regrets

Resettlement destroyed year-round living on the out-islands, but it didn't destroy the islands' charm. It's not just working fishermen who have returned. Old-timers like Clarence Pomeroy of Great Paradise arrive early in the spring and stay late into the fall. In July and August, the population of Great Paradise swells to 40 as families with children take advantage of the school holidays. Nearby Little Paradise also has a summer population of 40; and as many as 80 people return each summer to both Red Island and Merasheen.

Great and Little Paradise, Red Island and Merasheen, though seasonally populated, are no longer the tidy communities they once were. Wild alder chokes the graveyards and roadways. Churches and schools have fallen to ruin. A few old houses survive, but most of the bay's migratory fishermen work from makeshift cabins and landing stages. Ironically, the only new structure is usually a small government wharf built in recent years as grudging acknowledgement of the continued usefulness of the bay's resettled out-harbors.

The pleasures of outpost living often cannot be neatly classified. They are things of the moment: things like the sound of a trappings as it returns from a morning's fishing; the taste of a fresh-caught seabird, hung out overnight to catch the frost; an oven-warm kitchen crowded with visitors; or perhaps a snatch of conversation which

might suddenly turn to song.

Senator Frederick Rowe, one of the ministers in the Smallwood government responsible for the resettlement program in the 1960s, recently recalled outpost living in quite different terms: as near-medieval, a life of continuous drudgery for the women, dole for the men, illiteracy for the children. Certainly there were many who were happy to leave stark, isolated outposts like Little Paradise and Red Island. Some, though, were reluctant to leave and have sought every opportunity since to return to their former homes.

"A lot of people who moved didn't know what they were moving for," says Pius Power Sr., of South East Bight. "They thought that if they got into town

or if they got some education, they'd do something. They were making money but they never saw it. They didn't know the value of a thousand dollars. They never knew if they had one dollar or two thousand. They'd dealt all their lives with merchants and there were only (debit and credit) columns in a merchant's book." Power is one of the tiny minority of Placentia Bay fishermen who obstinately resisted resettlement. When Clattice Harbour voted to move, the Powers stayed on. "We stayed until my father died," he says. "Then it seemed too risky. My wife was alone all day and the empty houses attracted vandals."

Power and his family moved to nearby South East Bight which, along with Monkstown and Petit Forte, was one of three tiny settlements grouped around Paradise Sound which pluckily refused to resettle. "For a long time," says Power, "it didn't seem like the government was giving in." However, even in the worst days of the bay's officially encouraged abandonment, the coastal boat continued to call at Paradise Sound. Slowly, essential services were restored over a ten-year period.

Today, South East Bight and its holdout neighbors prosper. There is a brand new government wharf in "The Bight", the product of several years of winter works programs. The coastal boat

calls twice a week. The fish collector boat from Arnold's Cove picks up South East Bight's catch every second day. Given Newfoundland's high unemployment rate, there is no problem finding teachers for the new school; and a doctor and nurse fly into Petit Forte every second week to keep tabs on health problems in the three communities.

Diesel generators supply electricity. Telephones, mail service and television provide links to the outside world. The young men of Petit Forte keep cars in Parkers Cove, and can reach St. John's by speedboat and car in four hours.

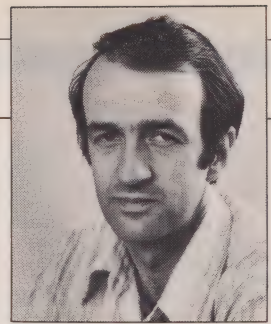
"Small boat fishing's a gamble," says Power, "a dying trade." However, it is not a trade which Power or his neighbors would willingly give up, in spite of its increasing unprofitability. "It's no good for a man of 50 who's been fishing all his life to go elsewhere to look for a job," says Power. "A place like St. John's is home to the people who belong to it, but I don't like it."

On their way out to their cod traps, Power and his son pass the abandoned community of Great Paradise. It never had much of a harbor — just the shelter of shoals. But the church steeple is still standing, as well as a dozen or so dwellings. The cemetery is on a rocky promontory which catches the light of the setting sun and offers fine views of the entire expanse of Placentia Bay. One old house, now irreparably ruined, bears a sign nailed up by its owner pleading with vandals not to do further damage. A pair of wild ponies graze nervously among the tombstones.

Outpost life in Placentia is not as hard as it was 20 years ago, but it is still a hard life. Yet nothing which occurs in that life is as harsh as the choice that was thrust on people in the late 1960s, either to maintain or to abandon their outpost homes. The outpost people of Placentia Bay — as elsewhere in Newfoundland — were asked to choose between abandoning their homes in the hope of a better life for themselves and their children, or of staying on to face an uncertain future. It was an unjustly biased choice and there is little doubt that, had it been presented in fairer terms, many more would have chosen to stay and wait out the recession.

As it turned out, those who stayed on have done no worse than those who moved. By their own measure they have done better. And, of course, it is difficult in this matter to speak for everyone. Many who moved have done well.

If there is a lesson to be learned from Newfoundland's resettlement program, it is that it is important to listen to dissenting voices. There are people in Placentia Bay today who value the comforts of modern living, much as there are people there whose love of their work and environment transcends the considerable discomforts of outpost living. Isolation, after all, is as much a state of mind as it is a geographic condition.



A post-mortem on free trade

One day a few weeks ago, a young man was handing out pamphlets at the Halifax ferry terminal. To my amazement virtually everyone in the terminal building had one in hand and was reading it intently, which is not what happens to your average pamphlet handed out in a public place.

The subject of this attention-grabber was free trade. The authors, an Edmonton-based group headed by economist Robert Laxer, were against it.

The public's quick interest in the subject confirmed for me what had been a growing suspicion: that free trade is dead as an old boot long before it tries to take its first step.

This conclusion comes not because I saw people reading an anti-free trade tract, but because the public is interested at all. For one of the conditions needed to get Canada safely tucked in behind the American tariff wall is that the deed be done quickly and on the sly — before either the Canadian public or the U.S. Congress become aroused. This was admitted by some of the big business supporters of free trade and implied by Prime Minister Mulroney. Both were disappointed last fall when they learned that the Americans would only be ready to negotiate in the late spring. They wanted the deal signed and delivered before the congressional elections next fall when protectionist sentiment will presumably increase and take on electoral overtones.

One can either marvel at this naiveté, or grow angry that the government was anxious to rush into a deal that might change the very nature of the country before the rubes that constitute its citizenry caught on. But the public, I would say, is aroused — not manning the barricades, but at least in a proper state of wariness as more and more premiers, unionists, constitutionalists, economists and others draw out the implications that the government is so eager to ignore.

The Laxer pamphlet made the standard points against free trade: loss of jobs in certain protected industries with no assurance that new jobs will be created, and the possible need to dismantle many of our social, economic and other systems to fit into the Americans' concept of what constitutes fair trade. It also revived Mulroney's background as a branch-plant manager for an American company, Iron Ore Co. of Canada making the angry charge that he's brought that attitude to government and is quite willing to sell out the country.

Mulroney's attitude is indeed a key

part of the politics of free trade. Through Canada's history there is a pendulum motion through which we alternately get closer to then draw away from the Americans in our attitudes. Mulroney is trying to push that pendulum farther than it wants to go. If he doesn't do some backtracking fast it will simply kick back with all the more force and bowl him over.

Governments usually come to power dragging with them some myth created while they were in opposition. The Conservatives' was that Pierre Trudeau was turfed out mainly because he was "anti-American," and that matters had to be set straight. Trudeau was actually turfed

Free trade is dead as an old boot long before it tries to take its first step

out for dozens of accumulated reasons. But from Diefenbaker through to Trudeau the elements of Canadian nationhood were reinforced — a fact which some people choose to interpret as anti-Americanism. Mulroney, the most "pro-American" prime minister since Louis St. Laurent, is offending against these elements. The Foreign Investment Review Agency may be dead, but still, this is not the 1950s when it could be casually assumed that Canada was a wide open frontier for American corporations.

The free trade negotiations (if the exercise ever gets to that stage) might not produce the bogey feared by some, it's true. Negotiations are negotiations and some mutually beneficial rearrangement of commerce between the two countries short of free trade could theoretically occur after some give and take. But that's beside the point now. The point is that Mulroney is not trusted to negotiate for Canada by more and more people. The sale of de Havilland Aircraft to the Boeing company for fire sale prices raised one doubt. The premiers have told him he doesn't talk for them, as have others. By next summer he may be speaking only for himself, for only a part of his own government, and for a narrowing circle of business people.

According to the blarney, free trade is as easy as swallowing a spoonful of maple syrup. In fact, the two countries' aims are contradictory, and full free trade is only possible if one side more or less capitulates (guess which side is most likely to do that). For the Canadian proponents of free trade it's a brilliant and irresistible idea. With our lumber, fish, potatoes, pork and some other products being the target of protectionist forces in the Congress, the idea is to wipe out all tariffs. Protectionist congressmen will be circumvented — unless, of course, they manage to scotch the talks before they start or refuse to ratify any treaty negotiated (remember the 1979 Georges Bank treaty). For the U.S. government, the intent is to reduce the \$20 billion trade deficit with Canada. This requires that Canada be put at a disadvantage — that programs of support to industries or workers such as regional development, marketing boards and maybe even Medicare be altered or perhaps wiped out to give American industry a "level playing field" on which to compete; that is, that our economy function under the rules that prevail in the U.S. The end result of this would be neither a protection of our \$20 billion trade surplus nor an enhancement of it. It would likely mean, as the U.S. government's legions of economists quietly assume, its reversal.

In the end, there's also a little fact that the whole exercise is redundant. The Western nations have just agreed to embark on a new round of tariff-cutting talks through GATT, the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. For Canada, this particular exercise is both desirable and necessary. It opens us up to the world, whereas a special trade deal with the U.S. would tend to close us to the rest of the world.

Here's a scenario for the free trade talks. After much sound and fury in Canada (and not one word in the American media, except for the pro-free trade ads paid for by the Canadian government) the talks open with a little ceremony full of Mulroney-Reagan bonhomie. Canadian heavy-hitting negotiator Simon Reisman rolls up his sleeves and gets down to business with officials ten rungs down the U.S. Department of Commerce bureaucracy. Less and less is heard of the talks. A couple of years down the road they end inconclusively, but a press release is put out proclaiming their usefulness in the spirit of Canada-U.S. friendship. Brian Mulroney, in trouble electorally, calls this result a great victory. ☐



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Atlantic Volkswagen Dealer Association

Inventing Atlantic Trivia

Larry Woodman, with a lot of help from his family, is the game's creator. And while the New Minas, N.S., high school history teacher hasn't become a millionaire, his game has sold nearly 10,000 copies

Name the longest serving premier of New Brunswick. Which Atlantic Province is known as the Garden of the Gulf? Name the home province of famous actor and playwright, Gordon Pinsent. Which is the only Atlantic Province that requires a blood test before a marriage licence is issued?

There are 3,737 more such questions. And — you guessed it — they're part of a game called Atlantic Trivia. It's the creation of Larry Woodman, a high school history teacher in New Minas, N.S., and his wife, Susan.

And it's a best seller. The first 5,000 copies of the game, chock-a-block with tidbits about the four Atlantic Provinces, were completely sold out. Within a couple of months of Atlantic Trivia's second printing, 65 per cent of the games have been sold.

The Woodmans made their move in 1984, daring to put Atlantic Trivia on the market alongside the genre's originator — Trivial Pursuit — which has since been followed by Tour de Force (a Canadian trivia game by Pierre Berton and Charles Templeton), Bible Trivia, Soap Opera Trivia and People Trivia, to name just a few.

"Everyone thinks that I must have played Trivial Pursuit and became a real trivia fanatic, but I'm not at all," says Larry Woodman. "I've heard other people play the game, and I began to notice that all the answers were of American content, or were of an international flavor. I then found myself saying, 'What a shame there are no questions about Canada.' So I thought a Canadian version of this type would be good. And then I began to think, Atlantic Canada is a pretty important spot to me and many others, so why not do something on Atlantic Canada."

So in 1983, with his wife and two sons, Peter and Jonathan, Woodman began his research into the small and often obscure facts of Atlantic Canada. "It wasn't long before I had my own Atlantic trivia library," he says. He started by looking through some of his own Atlantic history books, accumulating a first batch of questions. Then he borrowed friends' scrapbooks, visited the local radio stations, searched through the sports halls of fame in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island and spent many late nights researching at the Acadia University library, nearby in Wolfville.

On the advice of a friend, Woodman then made some inquiries about the state of the market. He checked out a number of small stores as well as various chains. "The feedback I received from these people was that the trivia games were selling like hotcakes, and a game about Atlantic Canada would be great because people were saying about many of the games, 'That's too hard. It's all about some place else.' So the market definitely was there."



Woodman with "our splurge"

He then looked for a printer, making his first approach to a friend, Harrison Drake, who operates a printing press in the basement of his home. "When I first approached Harrison with the idea, his response was 'Don't call me, I'll call you.'" To print 5,000 games seven tons of paper would be needed. "The project was so huge it scared Harrison."

In the end, Harrison Drake changed his mind and took on the job. But before the game could go to the printer, the questions, which were written by hand, all had to be color-coded and typed. Says Woodman, "I rented a typewriter, and not being a typist, I had to hunt and peck my way through all those questions. Once they were all typed on white, green, and yellow paper, the boys cut each question into little strips and glued them onto a separate piece of paper."

Although he has some business experience behind him — three generations of his family operated a grocery store in

Joggin Bridge, N.S., where he grew up — he was very "naive," he admits, about the cost of his venture. "I thought it would cost maybe two to three thousand dollars. The more I thought about it, I figured that wasn't too much. After all, people spend that much for a trip to Europe. So, this game would be our splurge."

As the Woodmans began to put the final touches on their game before it went to the printer and then the distributor, they got the shock of their lives. Instead of the \$2,000-\$3,000 they had first planned on, they were now looking at \$60,000-\$70,000. "We had gone so far on the project that we just couldn't turn back. As a result, we second mortgaged our home and car. To make that sort of commitment, you have to feel very strongly about something being successful, and I always felt that the game would sell."

What distinguishes Atlantic Trivia from other trivia games, other than its content, is that this game has a touch of luck to it. The player not only gets to choose the category in which he wants to answer a question, but he can choose the level of difficulty as well.

In more ways than one, the project has been a family-affair from the beginning. For weeks after the game had been printed, the Woodmans couldn't see the floor of the living room, let alone the walls, which were covered from floor to ceiling with boxes. For hours at a time, Peter, 11, and Jonathan, seven, along with mom and dad, assembled 2,000 cardboard tops and bottoms of the Atlantic Trivia boxes.

The remaining 3,000 games were packaged by Sheltered Workers, a training program for handicapped people, in Hants and Kings counties. "We wanted to do some ourselves," says Woodman, "so we could get a feel for what was really involved from the research to the distribution."

Although Woodman says he always knew the game would sell, he and his wife and family were amazed by the game's immediate success. Other than Maritimers and Newfoundlanders buying the game, the Woodmans have received calls from all over the country and beyond — including such far-away places as Germany, Bermuda and South Africa.

Also, people vacationing in the region have been buying the game and "learning all about us" along with their travels. And many teachers are also using the game in their classroom as students compete among themselves for the winning 70 points.

Larry Woodman says he gets asked frequently these days whether he's a "millionaire." Definitely not, he laughs.

Atlantic Trivia wasn't meant to be a money-making scheme anyway. "Our driving force was simply that we felt strongly that in Atlantic Canada we had a number of things to be proud of, so why not tell people about it." ☐

Romance on the East Coast: blooming like wild lupins

Romance writers have found Atlantic Canada to be a rich source of scenery, plots and characters

Ah, the Atlantic Provinces! — Canada's ocean playground for star-crossed lovers, usually of the rich-and-famous variety. Passion blooms among the highways and byways like wild lupins, and love provides its own renewable energy during the long winter nights.

If you're used to thinking of these shores as cold, stern and bypassed by the world, think again. To millions of women the world over, the East Coast is fast becoming one of the international hotspots for romance. After all, isn't it the home turf of that fascinating creature, the Atlantic Canadian lover?

Even now as we bundle up to avoid the danger of freezing exposed flesh, there are women in exotic sunny climes dreaming of being storm-stayed in a remote P.E.I. farmhouse with lawyer David Metcalfe, or breathing the sweet aroma of boiling maple syrup in a sugar shack near Meadow, N.B., enjoying the hotter, sweeter kisses of playwright Patrick Casey.

Yes, Atlantic Canada is there, naked and unashamed, in the world of Harlequin Romance. Move over Anne of Green Gables, our time of innocence is past. There are racier Annes with stories to tell in outposts, villages and cities across our four provinces.

For close to a decade, readers of Harlequin Romances in over 90 countries and 16 different languages have been enjoying vicariously the pleasures of this region through the novels of Jill MacLean and now some other romance writers are getting into the act as well.

Writing under the pseudonyms of Sandra Field, Jocelyn Haley and Jan MacLean (co-authored with Anne MacLean), Jill MacLean has produced 18 novels with the Atlantic Provinces as the setting for much if not all of each story.

MacLean, who now resides in Halifax, has lived in all three of the Maritime provinces since immigrating to Canada from England and has vacationed in Newfoundland. Coming from outside, she believes she is more apt to see the romantic potential of this area than those who automatically call it home.

An ardent naturalist, her books are vibrant with descriptions of sights and sounds, flora and fauna, and the natural beauty of this region. Local pastimes and

lifestyles are faithfully reproduced. Even her characters are unmistakably Canadian and usually Maritimers.

Her lovers have dallied in remote Newfoundland outposts, on the beaches of P.E.I., through New Brunswick's windswept Tantramar marshes and the fertile Annapolis Valley of Nova Scotia to the foyer of the Rebecca Cohn Audi-

torium in Halifax. Even the fortress walls of Dorchester Penitentiary have been breached.

Although MacLean was definitely the first, other romance writers both in Canada and the United States have begun to explore the region's potential as a romantic setting as well.

Heather Robinson of Sheet Harbour, who has conducted several workshops on romance writing, thinks it's about time. "A contemporary love story can be set anywhere, not just in traditional exotic settings. The grass is always greener somewhere else. Why shouldn't the Maritimes be that 'somewhere else' for a change?"

Even the fact that the grass is only green here for six months of the year is not a major stumbling block. Many of MacLean's novels take place in winter,



Jill MacLean: an eye for the natural beauty and the romantic potential of the region

the snow and ice adding excitement and suspense to the plot. It also provides an excellent excuse for lovers to lounge in steaming bubble baths or before a roaring fire, sipping hot toddies.

Of course not all of Canada's romance writers are jumping on the Atlantic bandwagon. Dan Ross of Saint John, the dean of Canadian romance writers, sets most of his stories outside Canada. So does Flora Kidd, also of Saint John, who is one of the most prolific Harlequin writers with 56 published romances to her credit. Not one of her stories was set in Canada.

"Canadians are too near to their origins to think of their country as romantic," Kidd claims. "However it is an excellent setting for a thriller with so many remote and wild areas."

Recently Kidd has given in to the call of the wild. Her first attempt at a Harlequin Intrigue is based in Cape Breton. "Intrigue" is one of Harlequin's categories; it's a romantic mystery as opposed to a straight romance. Nova Scotia is also the setting for the first Intrigue of Ontario romance writer Dinah Shields.


If Canadians have an identity crisis, they need to look no further than a romance novel to see themselves as they are viewed from afar. Although lacking in titles and rarely portrayed as business tycoons, Canadian men hold their own in the world of macho.

The Canadian hero has a thin veneer of sophistication masking the pioneer. He is equally comfortable in a concert hall as he is in the wilds. A success in his chosen career, he is comfortably well off, surprisingly well-read, athletic, with a great sense of humor, and a wicked temper. He is more sensitive to the needs of children and animals than he is to women, and has a real problem expressing his feelings in words. He wears silk shirts but can wield a mean chainsaw. Above all he is a world class lover.

Up against him is the Canadian heroine: independent, career oriented but maternal, artistic, somewhat shrewish when dealing with men, and also at home in the wilds, although less likely to survive there on her own.

Although their love nests in the Maritimes will vary from place to place, stone fireplaces, pine furniture, cottage crafts, and hand-stitched quilts predominate.

One must not fall into the trap of seeing romance as trashy formula novels with stereotyped characters. Today's Harlequins are a good read with complex characters dealing with contemporary problems such as single parenthood, death and divorce, careers within marriage, and sterility to name but a few.

In her unofficial role as a tour guide to Atlantic Canada, Jill MacLean, and others like her, have served the region well, giving women of many lands and cultures an intimate look at us — in fact, to be truthful, making us a little more interesting than we really are, thanks to the rose-tinted lenses of romance. Vive l'amour! 



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Cape Breton cookies

Fat Archies and Highland Oatcakes — recipes for these family favorites are generations old. Cape Breton cooks add more than flour, sugar and spices

The mention of homemade cookies conjures up the image of large glasses of icy cold milk, a plate of oven-warm cookies and a favorite seat at grandma's kitchen table. Speak of Cape Breton cookies however, and wafts of sweet smelling spices, molasses and the aroma of steeped tea sitting on the back of the kitchen stove drift through the mind.

The very best Cape Breton cookie recipes have been passed from generation to generation, swapped with neighbors, compared and altered until the recipes consisted of only readily available ingredients and even hoarded on well worn scraps of paper and tucked into sugar tins at the back of pantry shelves. The true origins of many cookies are difficult to determine. "Fat Archies" can only be surmised to be named after someone called Archie who must have enjoyed the large soft molasses cookies. Double peanut butter cookies may have developed when someone wanted to add a bit of creativity to a plain peanut butter cookie recipe.

Mary Gibbons, a lifelong resident of Sydney Mines and known there for her Highland Oatcakes and Fat Archies suggests that the Fat Archies are good with butter when cold and the Highland Oatcakes can be served with jam or cheese. Gibbons, soon to be 90 years old, doesn't bake as frequently as she once did but says people always remember her cookies. Of her last stay in the hospital she says, "I thought I was being a nuisance but the nurse whom I knew as a young girl said I could never be a nuisance since she well remembered my molasses cookies."

It takes time to collect the best recipes but the results are well worth the effort. One thing to remember when making these Cape Breton cookies is that they must be mixed with a sense of humor, a pinch of gossip, and plenty of Cape Breton-style tender loving care.

Helpful hints —

- cookie doughs will keep up to a week in the refrigerator if well covered
- use a light layer of shortening, not butter, to grease cookie sheets unless otherwise stated
- use shiny cookie sheets; dark sheets absorb heat faster and cookies will burn
- most cookies should be placed two inches apart to allow for spreading
- bake cookies at mid-level in oven
- warm cookies should be placed in a single layer to cool so that they won't stick

- store soft cookies in an air tight container separated into layers by sheets of waxed paper — a piece of apple placed in the container will keep cookies soft
- store crisp cookies in a container with a loose fitting lid
- cookies freeze well if wrapped in freezer cartons or freezer bags, then thaw in original wrappings at room temperature — freezer storage time, approximately six months

Double Peanut Butter Cookies

- 1½ cups flour
- ½ tsp. baking soda
- ¼ tsp. salt
- ½ cup butter or margarine
- ½ cup peanut butter
- ⅓ cup white sugar
- ⅓ cup packed brown sugar
- 3 tbsp. orange juice
- peanut butter

Cream butter and peanut butter. Add sugars and beat til fluffy. Add dry ingredients and beat well. Shape into a 7-inch-long roll. Wrap in waxed paper; chill thoroughly. Cut into slices and place on ungreased cookie sheet. Spread each centre with about 1 tsp. peanut butter. Cover with remaining slices and seal edges with a fork. Bake at 350° for 12 to 15 minutes.

Fat Archies

(Soft Molasses Cookies)

- 2½ cups flour
- 1 tsp. ginger
- ½ tsp. cinnamon
- ½ tsp. nutmeg
- 1 tsp. salt
- ½ cup shortening
- ½ cup brown sugar
- ½ cup white sugar
- 1 egg
- ½ cup molasses
- 2 tsp. baking soda
- ½ cup boiling water

Sift together flour, ginger, cinnamon, nutmeg and salt. Cream shortening with sugars. Add egg, then molasses; mix. Dissolve baking soda in boiling water and add to shortening mixture. Add dry ingredients mixing quickly to a smooth dough. Chill, roll out and cut with a cookie cutter or into squares. Place on a greased cookie sheet and bake at 375° for 10 to 15 minutes.

Jumbo Raisin Cookies

- 2 cups raisins
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup shortening

- 2 cups sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 4 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1½ tsp. cinnamon
- ½ tsp. nutmeg
- ¼ tsp. allspice
- 1 cup chopped nuts (almonds or walnuts are good choices)

Combine raisins and boiling water in a saucepan. Bring to boil and simmer for five minutes. Let cool. Cream shortening and sugar; add eggs. Blend well; add



cooled raisin mixture and vanilla. Blend all dry ingredients and add to raisin mixture; add nuts. Combine thoroughly and drop from teaspoon onto greased cookie sheet. Bake for 10 to 12 minutes at 400°.

Highland Oatcakes

3 cups flour
3 cups rolled oats
1 cup white sugar
1 tsp. baking soda
1 tsp. salt
1/4 cup cold water
1 1/2 cups lard or shortening

Combine rolled oats, flour, sugar, salt and soda. Work in lard as if for pastry. Moisten with water. Roll thin, using rolled oats and flour on board. Cut into squares, bake at 350° for 15 to 20 minutes.


Sugar Cookies

1 cup shortening or butter
3/4 cup white sugar
1/4 cup brown sugar
2 cups flour
1 egg
1 tsp. baking soda
2 tsp. cream of tartar
1/4 tsp. salt
1 tsp. vanilla
1/4 tsp. nutmeg

Cream shortening with sugars; add well-beaten egg, vanilla and dry ingredients. Chill dough and roll small portions onto a floured board and cut with cookie cutter. Bake on ungreased cookie sheet at 375° for 8 to 10 minutes. Sprinkle with sugar and garnish with glazed cherry quarters if desired.

Banana Oatmeal Cookies

1 3/4 cups sifted flour
1 tsp. baking powder
1/4 tsp. baking soda
pinch salt
1/4 tsp. nutmeg
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 cup sugar
1/3 cup butter or margarine
2 eggs
1 cup mashed bananas (approx. 2 small)
1 1/2 cups rolled oats

Preheat oven to 375°. Sift dry ingredients. Add butter or margarine, eggs and half the mashed bananas. Beat until creamy. Fold in remaining bananas and rolled oats. Drop from a teaspoon onto a greased cookie sheet. Bake 12 to 15 minutes. 



STUDIO STILL LIFE

Concrete for Hibernia: The biggest contract ever

Newfoundland companies have scrambled to form joint ventures with mainland and foreign companies to build Mobil's huge gravity-base structure (GBS) to produce Hibernia oil

by Lana Hickey

Last July Mobil Oil Canada Ltd. announced that it would use a fixed production system instead of a floating platform to develop the Hibernia oilfield. Behind this bland statement lay years of public and private infighting among two levels of government, Mobil and various other companies in and out of Newfoundland. It was one of the most important economic decisions ever reached for the province.

The fact that it's concrete means that it

will be built in the province. Newfoundland hasn't the capacity to build floating steel platforms; although it would have been cheaper, such a platform would have come from elsewhere. The gravity-base concrete structure (GBS), with topside living facilities and two permanently mounted drilling rigs, will be enormous — 105 metres in diameter and 85 metres high. It will cost over two billion dollars. Some 9,500 "person years" of employment will be created over the next six years.

So the competition is among New-

foundland concrete companies to see who will build it — or, at least, to see who will have what part in it. Since such a structure has never been built in Canada, no Canadian, let alone Newfoundland company has any experience with them.

Newfoundland companies are turning to joint ventures with foreign companies in their quest for work. The Lundrigan Group, Concrete Products Ltd. and McNamara Construction Ltd. are the three main competitors.

Lundrigan, primarily a Newfoundland corporation with interests in Canada and the United States, is active in heavy construction, ready-mix concrete, precast concrete building components, industrial and commercial real estate. It built the Trans-Canada highway in Newfoundland, the Come-by-Chance refinery and the Halifax Sheraton hotel.

In 1974, Lundrigan became interested in building a GBS in Newfoundland for use in the North Sea. However, with the discovery of Hibernia in 1979, it turned its interests back to Newfoundland. The company learned a lot in those five years, says George Warren, director for business development — notably that "we ourselves couldn't do it alone. This is bigger than we are capable of doing, because of our size as a corporation and also because of the lack of expertise in Canada."

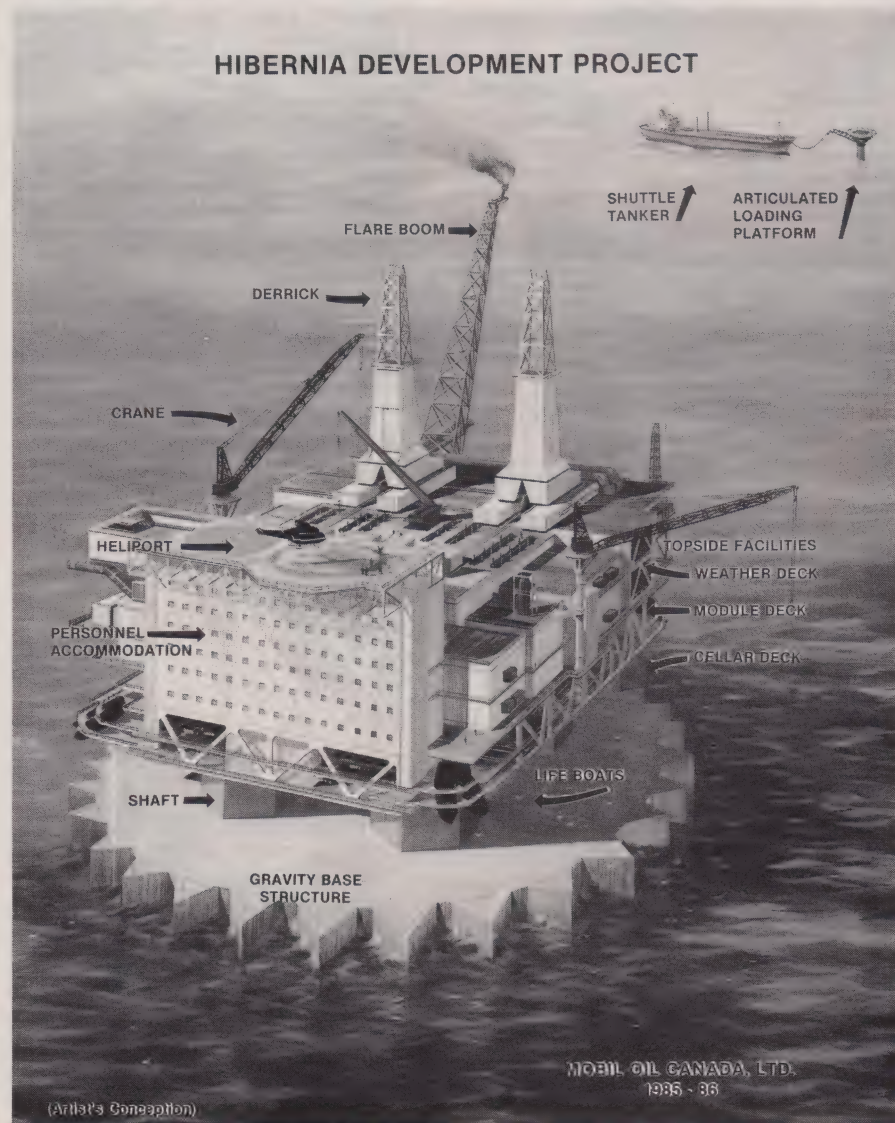
So Lundrigan began looking for partners. "We looked to the people who had the expertise, the experience and the knowledge and in our book, that was Norwegian Contractors," says Warren.

Norwegian Contractors, a consortium of companies in Norway, has built nine of the 15 GBS in the world with three more under construction for use in the North Sea. Three of these were built for Mobil Oil.

In 1980, North Atlantic Contractors (NAC) was formed as a partnership of The Lundrigan Group, Norwegian Contractors and Dillingham Construction Ltd., a major construction company in Canada with headquarters in the United States specializing in floating concrete structures, marine facilities, site preparation and buildings. NAC was formed for the sole purpose of building and designing a GBS.

Concrete Products (1982) Ltd. has entered into a similar arrangement. Preliminary work began four years ago when the owners "decided to see whether or not we could expand our company into the offshore business," says Concrete Products president Fraser Edison.

Concrete Products has been supplying concrete and related products to the residential housing and heavy construction markets in Newfoundland since 1958. Its recent contracts include the new Hotel Newfoundland and the Arctic Vessel and Marine Research Centre in St. John's. It found a partner with experience in designing a GBS in Paris — the C.G. Doris Company. A large Canadian construction company, Thomas Fuller Ltd., was added to the partnership and the Newfoundland Offshore Development Cor-



poration Ltd. (NODECO) was created, with Edison as president. Last August NODECO became NODECO Joint Ventures and three more partners joined: Atlas Construction and Janin Construction, two large construction companies in Montreal with experience in working with concrete, and Foundation, a Toronto-based company, whose parent company, Skanska of Sweden, has built concrete platforms. "We'd like to get more Newfoundland companies involved in the project," says Edison, who intends to approach companies ready to pick up any subcontracting work.

McNamara Construction Ltd., the largest heavy construction company in Newfoundland, is involved in Grand Banks Constructors, a joint venture formed about two years ago. However, where Lundrigan and Concrete Products appear to be the leaders in their joint ventures, McNamara doesn't have the same degree of involvement. Northern Construction of Vancouver takes on this role along with Hollandsche Beton Groep (HBG) of Amsterdam. Larry Moores, senior project engineer with McNamara, works with Grand Banks Constructors but says it is Northern that deals directly with Mobil.

Because a GBS is based on the specifications of one site, the GBS used at another site couldn't be used at Hibernia. The production platform must be designed to withstand all environmental forces including maximum anticipated impact forces from icebergs.

Both NAC and NODECO have won contracts from Mobil to do concrete platform studies. In 1981, NAC presented a proposal to convince Mobil it was feasible to use concrete platforms to develop Hibernia. NODECO, more recently, completed a study on the conceptual design of the concrete platform. Working with Mobil on these studies has provided valuable experience for both companies. Grand Banks Constructors bid on the most recent study but was unsuccessful. However, it did do an alternative GBS design study for Petro Canada.

Detailed engineering on the production platform is due to begin this year. Mobil has asked for preliminary information to determine which companies will be invited to bid. Several other consortia with less Newfoundland and Canadian participation than the three main ones are also interested in bidding.

The Offshore Business Development Group, a division of the Newfoundland department of development and tourism, has been helping Newfoundland companies prepare to enter the oil development market. "We will work with Mobil to ensure that the Newfoundland content is maximized wherever possible," says Fred Murin, division director.

The production site will likely be Comeby-Chance and nearby Adams Head, where a plant will be built to produce the 170,000 cubic metres of concrete needed for the GBS. For the losers in the bidding, there will be sub-contracts for such things as high-strength steel used as reinforcement and various other requirements.

"What we get in Newfoundland as New-

foundlanders, we are going to have to compete for," says Roger Flood, responsible for NAC in Newfoundland. "We are aware of what it means for Newfoundland and all things being equal, Newfoundland companies will get as much work as they can handle. They have to be competitive — and we think a lot of Newfoundland companies can be."

These Newfoundland companies, especially Lundrigan and Concrete Products, have spent a lot of time, money, energy and manpower in preparing to bid and have gained expertise and knowledge that can be used in other projects in Newfoundland and abroad. "We are gearing ourselves up to enter into international competition," says Warren.

Edison hopes that through NODECO, Concrete Products will be able to bring new

blood into the Newfoundland economy. "We will learn a heck of a lot, hopefully make some money that we can reinvest in Newfoundland and grow along with the province as a small company and hope to grow into something much larger," he says.

GBS construction is labor intensive, requiring a variety of workers including laborers, computer technicians, welders, draftsmen and engineers. Already, Newfoundlanders from the three companies have travelled around the world, gaining knowledge on building a GBS.

In time, Lundrigan, Concrete Products or McNamara could go on, in joint ventures, to build other GBS production platforms anywhere in the world. But for now, one of these Newfoundland companies will reap the benefits from the biggest contract ever awarded in Newfoundland. ☒

Cashing in on sports talk

Charlottetown teachers Allan (Postie) Connolly, (left) and Larry Resnitzky were convinced P.E.I. should have its own sports talk show. That was three years ago. Today, they syndicate SportsRap to 18 radio stations in Atlantic Canada



GORD JOHNSTON

by H. Shirley Horne
For two veteran P.E.I. school teachers, coffee breaks often began with "You know Postie, we should start our own radio show. There isn't a good, celebrity-based sports talk show in the country." Many coffee breaks later, Allan (Postie) Connolly and Larry Resnitzky acted on the idea and now they're syndicating their own, hour-long, Sunday evening sports talk show, *SportsRap*, to 18 AM and FM radio stations in Atlantic Canada.

Their interest in sports followed a familiar route. In high school and university, Connolly and Resnitzky played sports and later coached teams. They talked and read sports, watched and listened to sports. Convinced, as Connolly says, that "there's

more interest in sports per capita on P.E.I. than anywhere," the pair were sure there was an audience on the Island for the show they had in mind.

In January 1983 they approached CHTN Charlottetown. The station manager agreed to air 18, hour-long Sunday night sports programs. The format: a short interview with a well-known sports personality, plenty of phone-in time for listeners to talk with the guest, plus sports trivia, news and discussions.

Spot commercials were sold to finance the show with a portion to be sold by the radio station and a portion to be sold by Connolly and Resnitzky. "We sold ours within a couple of weeks," says Connolly, "even though we were still holding down

our teaching jobs."

The timing for the first show was perfect — it was during the winter of 1983 when Russian hockey teams were playing in Canada. Capitalizing on this interest, the rookie broadcasters invited Alan Eagleson, hockey's grand impresario, as their first guest. His appearance gave *SportsRap* immediate credibility and gave Connolly and Resnitzky the confidence to ask other sports celebrities to come on the show.

The following season *SportsRap* went on the air at another Charlottetown station, Q93. A good move since Q93 is one of the Eastern Broadcasting System stations. When station manager Frank Lewis put in a word in the right places, *SportsRap* began attracting the attention of off-Island stations.

The first of these to pick up the show was CKNB, Campbellton, N.B. After two years "it's making a good dollar," says station manager Dick Alberts.

By the spring of 1984 Connolly and Resnitzky began contacting other Atlantic region stations. During summer vacation they marketed and promoted the show, Resnitzky in the Atlantic region and Connolly in Toronto, where he found "interest from business but not much encouragement from the syndication houses."

Up to this point, with the program being aired on only two radio stations, *SportsRap* was little more than breaking even financially.

But by last September, nine stations in Atlantic Canada were ready to air *SportsRap*. With the establishment of the network, commercials were easier to sell and began commanding a higher price. By then *SportsRap* was attracting such sponsors as Pizza Delight, The Sports Network, Via Rail and CP Air.

But although the financial situation was looking up, the workload was increasing. And they needed working capital.

They established their own production company, Polar Productions — Po, as in Postie, lar, as in Larry. They then went to the P.E.I. Development Agency, which accepted Polar Productions under the Small Business Development Plan and proposed a 30 per cent rebate on shares sold by the company.

Armed with a prospectus Connolly and Resnitzky managed to sell \$85,000 worth of shares to 45 Islanders at a 12 per cent annual rate of return. Shares were offered at \$500 each and averaged out to \$2,000 per investor. "Most of our investors are Islanders who listen to our show," says Connolly.

The revenue from the sale of shares enabled the partners to make the big leap. They took leave of absence from their teaching jobs.

The next breakthrough came late last fall when all of the CHUM, or "Q" stations in Newfoundland agreed to air the show, bringing the total number of stations to 18.

Connolly says doing the show from Charlottetown is not a problem. "It was because we were in a small centre like Charlottetown that we had the chance to


get started," he says.

Now that *SportsRap* is running smoothly, the former teachers say it's basically a selling job: "Selling to sponsors, corporations and radio stations as well as to guests and listeners."

The guest list of *SportsRap* reads like a who's who of the sports world: hockey's Rick Vaive, Bobby Orr and Wayne Gretzky, the late Joe O'Brien of harness racing fame, baseball's Buck Rodgers and Jim Fanning of the Montreal Expos. . . Rodgers and Fanning have become good friends of the hosts. Rodgers and his wife spent a holiday on the Island as their guests. Recalls Connolly, "Jim Fan-

ning once stood in a phone booth at Dorval Airport for an hour being interviewed for the show. He's been a wonderful supporter of *SportsRap*."

Besides nearly 200 radio programs, Polar Productions has produced two TV intermission specials for Hockey Night in Canada. The company is also producing a daily country music feature for syndication called *Country Roots* in collaboration with Bill MacEwan, a P.E.I. music historian who boasts an 80,000-record collection.

It may be some time before Connolly and Resnitzky get back to the classroom. 

From *True North* to aluminum Cape Islanders

Bob Crockett and Fred McConnell were struggling boatbuilders when they teamed up over two years ago. One of their boats will be Canada's 1987 America's Cup challenger. But that's just the flashy tip of their growing business

by John Cunningham

Bob Crockett made wooden boats at Rose Bay, N.S. Fred McConnell built his boats at Parry Sound, Ont. and made his reputation as builder of *Canada I*. Both men built good boats.

As businessmen however, they were less successful. McConnell, in his single-minded drive to build *Canada I*, the 1983 America's Cup challenger, overlooked the day-to-day running of the business. Crockett, in trying to turn his Rose Bay Boat Shop Ltd. from a hobby into a business, made "every entrepreneurial mistake that could have been made"

So Crockett decided "it was time to break out of the Rose Bay syndrome and do some objective research" He went on a junket and talked with boatbuilders all over North America. Along the way, he met McConnell and "discovered a mutual difficulty. The production hat required omnipresence. The marketing and bank-bashing hat required omniabsence. We were both trying to wear two hats"

Their discussions led to the formation over two years ago of Crockett McConnell Inc. of Bridgewater, N.S. Crockett is doing the promoting and bank-bashing now. McConnell, whom his partner describes as a "brilliant high-tech man," is building the boats.

It's a partnership that's paid off well so far for the two 38-year-old boatbuilders. First year sales were \$1.2 million. Second year sales reached \$2 million. The company is best known to Atlantic Canadians as the builder of *True North I* and *True North II*, one of which will be a Canadian challenger for the 1987 America's Cup race. Crockett McConnell

has also turned out 20 fast aluminum rescue craft, a walrus hunting boat and an oceanographic survey vessel.

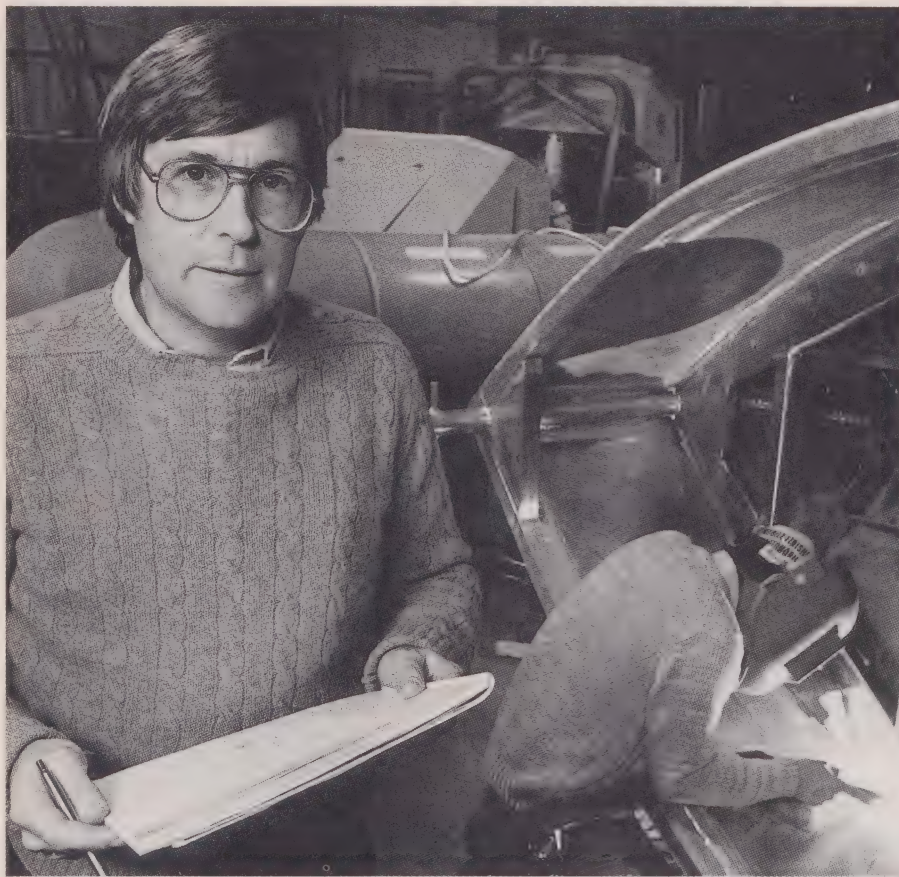
At a time when the boatbuilding industry is suffering world-wide, Crockett McConnell has prospered because it builds diversified products for diversified markets. "As builders of small aluminum craft, we're able to develop products no one else is producing for the markets we're addressing. We're able to march to our own drummer," says Crockett.

From the outset, Crockett McConnell took a high technology approach to building its aluminum craft employing state-of-the-art welding techniques and a computer-assisted design and manufacturing process. Thirty-five per cent of the first year's revenue went into research and development and Crockett promises that sum will remain in the six figure range in the future.

It's McConnell's track record with *Canada I* and the company's high technology methods of boatbuilding that secured the prestigious contract to build the two *True North* yachts. The Nova Scotia government put \$1.5 million into the project, an investment it feels will be returned in promotional value.

Crockett scoffs at the suggestion his company has had a knack of obtaining government contracts. "I think sometimes we're frustrated in our attempts to get government contracts. We believe we're putting in quality and aren't always going to be the lowest (bidder) going in. That's not always considered in government purchasing policy."

Still, Crockett points out that the walrus hunting boat was built for the In-



PETER BARSS

Crockett's aluminum fishing boat may be the prototype for a new generation

uit and that many of the rescue craft have gone to the offshore resource industry. As well, a number of small craft were sold to pleasure boat users. Crockett estimates two-thirds of his trade is with the private sector and "we're desirous of maintaining a high percentage of private sector business."

Right now, the company is going after the Atlantic Canada inshore fishery where Crockett predicts 150 boats a year will be needed and 20 per cent of them could be aluminum. He feels that the aluminum fishing boat in his shop may be the prototype for a whole new generation of fishing boats for Atlantic Canada.

With tapes and notebooks, he and other company officials held meetings with fishermen from Digby to Louisbourg to find out what they wanted in a boat. At times, says Crockett, it seemed everybody wanted a different craft. But sifting through the hours of tapes and notes, it became clear the fishermen wanted what they've always basically had — "the Cape Island boat that has evolved over generations in Nova Scotia."

Even so, McConnell put in 300 hours at the computer to "incorporate" the fishermen's wishes. The result is a slightly modified Cape Islander. "The changes were incremental only — small changes in depth, small changes in beam and so on." The first aluminum Cape Islander took considerable time, effort and money. "For the next 35-foot fishing boat, we can create all the metal parts on the plasma arc cutting machine in just one day," says Crockett.

Crockett is quick to admit that the *True North* contract, rather than its bread-and-butter aluminum craft, has brought the company to public attention. Should *True North I* or *II* sail its long-shot way to racing supremacy at Perth, Australia, Crockett McConnell could become as famous as the Lunenburg yards of Smith and Rhuland which built the original *Bluenose*.

Crockett gets a glint in his eye when asked if he visualizes Crockett McConnell making Nova Scotia once again world-renowned in the field of boat building. "I don't know," he says, sliding back into his chair for a moment of sublime fantasy. "I think we can do something in that regard. I don't think we can do that single-handedly. No! When you look at what it was at one time it was never one company. There have been famous boats and famous sailors and, perhaps, famous voyages but I don't think boatbuilders ever achieve a great deal of renown."

Crockett McConnell has been holding "exploratory negotiations" intended to link up with venture partners in other parts of the world who could assemble the metal parts pre-cut at the Bridgewater plant. More contracts were pending as of year's-end, as was a possible move to larger quarters — slow but steady moves towards what Crockett feels is a capacity to produce \$3 million to \$5 million worth of boats a year. This would be a considerable accomplishment at a time when most of the rest of the boatbuilding industry is flat on its back. ☒



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Feb. 14 — Prints: The Domestic Object Series, The Apron Series, The Housewife Series, by Mary Rawlyk, images of the North American cover-up for domestic women — the apron, Mount Saint Vincent Art Gallery, Halifax

Feb. 15 — A Continuing Dialogue: The Art and the Politics of Making Time for Making Art, second in a series of one-day conferences for women, Mount Saint Vincent Art Gallery, Halifax

Feb. 15-23 — Carnaval d'Hiver Acadien de Pomquet, parade, arts and crafts exhibition and sale, skating, dances, youth films, variety concert with local Acadian talent, Acadian supper, oldtime dance, French Mass, Pomquet

Feb. 16-March 9 — Jack Vanderwaal: Seasonal Changes, organized by Acadia University, at the university Art Gallery, Wolfville

Feb. 20-April 6 — Three exhibitions — Andrew Cobb: The Vision of Dalhousie; Riduan Tomkins, recent paintings; Bookwork: Form, Function and Finish in the Modern Craft of Hand Bookbinding, Dalhousie Art Gallery

Feb. 21-22 — Sewing into the '90s: A Sewing Fashion Seminar on tour across

Canada, sponsored by the Canadian Home Economics Association, Mount Saint Vincent University, Seton Academic Auditorium

Feb. 22-Mar. 1 — Chilliwilli Winter Carnival, snowball tournaments, hockey, ice sculpturing, dances, entertainment, cribbage and darts, Springhill

Feb. 24-Mar. 1 — Nova Scotia Kiwanis Music Festival, high calibre competitions in voice, piano, violin, brass, wind, choirs, Dalhousie Arts Centre, and Saint Mary's University, Halifax

NEWFOUNDLAND

Feb. 4 — Murray MacLaughlan, Canada's rock/folk musician in concert, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Feb. 5-10 — The Carlton Showband, a St. John's group offers Irish songs and humor from folk to hard rock, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Feb. 8 — Rising Tide Theatre "Revue '85", Gander Arts and Culture Centre

Feb. 17-18 — Les Ballets Jazz de Montreal combines classical ballet and contemporary dance added to the inventiveness of jazz, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Feb. 26-Mar. 1 — *I'll be back before Midnight*, mystery thriller by Canadian playwright Peter Colley, Theatre New-

foundland and Labrador production, Arts and Culture Centre, Corner Brook

NEW BRUNSWICK

Feb. 5-Mar. 9 — Peter Rindisbacher: With Brush and Palette to the Wild West, watercolors, books and reproductions of the 19th century Swiss artist now recognized as one of the leading interpreters of the early west; includes scenes from Canada's Red River. Canadian Nature Art, the 10th exhibition by contemporary Canadian nature artists. Both at the National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

Feb. 5 — *The Tomorrow Box* by Anne Chislett, touring the province, a Theatre New Brunswick production, Saint John (Feb. 6-7, St. Stephen)

Feb. 6-9 — Winter Warm-up Weekend, Saint John

Feb. 13-15 — Riverview Winter Carnival

Feb. 13-16 — Monctonian Old Timers Hockey

Feb. 14-16 and 21-23 — 5th Annual Minto Grand Lake Ice Fishing Tournament, Minto

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OLKS

Two-time Canadian middle distance champion **Paul McCloy**, 22, of St. John's, has run cross-country races over some pretty rough terrain in the past. However, nothing in his seven years' experience as a runner matched the conditions he raced under last November in St. John's. The night before the 12,000

McCloy wants to make running a career

metre Canadian Team Cross Country Championships, an unseasonal storm dumped 23 centimetres of snow on the course. "Normally," says McCloy, "the race would have been run over smooth grass. It's only in very odd times you find yourself running in a foot of snow." McCloy won the race, as he had a year earlier, but not without a struggle. "There wasn't much you could do," he says, "apart from hoping for the best. But you should have heard the comments made afterwards in the locker room!" McCloy estimates he runs 85 miles a week to keep in condition. The 40 to 50 races he runs a year is an unusually high number for a university racer, but a necessity for McCloy who uses out-of-province competitions to make up for the disadvantages of working out of Newfoundland. McCloy's unassuming manner has made him a favorite contender for the province's Male Athlete of the Year. McCloy is uncertain of the number of times he has won the award — three or four, he thinks. He says unassumingly, "I'd rather win a big race." Last year McCloy actually turned down the award in favor of weight-lifter Bert Squires. "I shouldn't have won," he says, modestly, citing Squires' fifth-place performance in the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics. McCloy is not yet sure

of his plans this spring when he graduates from Memorial University, but hopes that the growing interest in running in North America will make it possible for him to take up the sport as a full-time career. "I like running a lot," he says, "you get to travel and there's good prize money available. A fair number of people are making a living at it. I think running is following the pattern of tennis. Twenty years ago tennis was mostly amateur. However, once a sport begins to attract big crowds and corporate sponsors, a lot of money opens up. It's only natural that the athletes involved want to get a cut for themselves. After all people don't perform for free in concerts."

Will Campbell, 39, is mayor of Sackville, N.B., and a local undertaker. But more than that, he has a most unusual hobby. He belongs to an esoteric group who collect military medals, of which there are about 15 in the Atlantic Provinces. Campbell says his 13 years in the militia helped to spark his interest in

things military. But what attracts him is that the medals are unique. It's a bit like collecting coins, he says, but with "one great difference. There usually are thousands and thousands of a given type of coin. They're all the same... with military medals they were given out as awards to individuals. Especially in the case of British and Canadian medals — the ones from the First World War in particular. The person's name, rank and serial number were impressed on the edge of the medal." From the information gleaned, Campbell can reconstruct the person's military career and other biographical facts. Campbell is saddened that some relatives have no respect for military awards and often sell them for the silver content. "Unfortunately, a great many people place no value on them at all," he observes. "To them they're something that gathers dust in the drawer." Sometimes, when estates are being sold, collectors can obtain lots of medals for no cost. However, Campbell feels that the medals' rightful place is with the surviving family. As with most collectors, Campbell engages in a lot of swapping. "There is always a certain amount of trading going on between collections. The various medals may go around two or three times." Two of his most treasured are a Canadian campaign medal, dating back to the Fenian raids of 1866, and a British general service medal that goes back to the early 1850s. The mayor talks enthusiastically about his special hobby, making it plain that this leisure-time activity helps him relax from the dual pressures of politics and the funeral business.

Clarence Aulenback has always been fascinated by Indian lore. Like most kids growing up in the early 1940s, he liked to go into the woods, turn back the imaginary time-clock and pretend he was a full-blooded Micmac, Iroquois or Plains Indian. For most kids, the interest in North America's aboriginal peoples was a fleeting phase. For Aulenback, 49, it has been a life-long passion. Aulenback, of Newcombville, N.S., has his own four-room Indian lore museum. He tans deer hides and he whittles away countless hours duplicating Indian artifacts. And with a cold chisel, he fashions knife blades from old cross-cut saws and puts on handles made from wood, deer antlers or black bear jaws. Aulenback, a burly, bearded man with jet-black hair worn in an Indian-style pigtail, built his museum one room at a time as money became available. It's jammed full of Indian arrowheads, masks, bead work, stuffed birds and animals and tomahawks. It's hard to assess the authenticity of everything on display but Aulenback claims 85 per cent of it is for real. The exceptions are his own work and the duck decoys and carved heads of other non-Indians. He's preserved them, he says, because they're so well made. Items come from antique shops, flea markets, private collections and his contacts with the On-



PETER GARD



PETER BARRIS

Aulenback: a museum of Indian artifacts developed from a childhood interest

tario Iroquois community. He's read widely on Indian handcrafts and "over the years you can tell from study what's good and what's phoney." He doesn't like to pick collection favorites but a late 1800s doeskin leather jacket ranks high. Aulenback is somewhat at a loss to explain why he's such a devoted Indian lore buff. It has something to do with "the whole ecological system of the American Indians. They only took from nature what they used. They put back into nature what they took."

Robin Hanson is a native of French Lake, near Oromocto, N.B. When he was a young boy, video games and such had not been invented so his youth was spent "in total involvement with the river," he says. Making rafts and fishing occupied the summer months. Even at that time he was interested in the old steamboats that used to ply the St. John River. In 1984, to commemorate New Brunswick's bicentennial, Hanson built the *Pioneer Princess I* — 68-foot-long and 17-foot-wide. The boat is patterned more off the Mississippi riverboats than the St. John ones, but her presence means that once again there's a paddlewheeler on the river. Operating out of Fredericton and Oromocto, the *Pioneer Princess I* had such a successful summer in 1984 that Hanson decided to have a second riverboat built. The *Pioneer Princess II* was constructed in record time on Grand Lake in the spring of 1985, and is larger than her sister ship. The *Pioneer Princess II* operated out of Fredericton for the 1985 tourist season while the *Pioneer Princess I* moved to Mactaquac Park for the summer. Hanson says she didn't have as successful a venture there as on the river, so he's looking for a new home for the

Pioneer Princess I for the summer of 1986. It's Hanson's dream to revive the riverboats along the St. John River so that native New Brunswickers and tourists alike can enjoy a touch of a bygone era.

Lawrence Hatt, 71, of Western Shore, N.S., started with a pair of old wooden spoke wheels and built a 1917 Model T Ford fire truck. The truck, put together after a year-and-a-half of automotive body work, engine tinkering, painting and sanding, is the pride of his home for old autos. Hatt, who began collecting ten years ago, now has 21 old cars in stock — 15 of them past the 30-year mark that qualifies them as antiques. From diagrams of transmissions, motors, gas tanks and rear end construction, Hatt built his fire pumper as well as his 1911 Motel T Roadster, 1927 Doctor's Coupe and 1930 Motel A half-ton truck. "I kept picking up parts wherever I could buy them or get a hold of them," he says. The frame of his fire pumper was found, with a tree growing through it, in a farmer's field in Middleton, N.S. "There was moss growing all over it but it was sound as the day it was made." Hatt, a distinguished-looking gentleman with his silver hair and walrus moustache, never had any formal training in automotive body work or mechanics. But "I've gotten so I can take out a dent and you'd never know it was done. I wouldn't stand back to any mechanic." Today his car collection is housed in ten little outbuildings that have cropped up on his acre-and-a-half property. Once he had a big garden but each year it gets smaller to give room to cars aging like vintage wines. "I was always interested in cars and I've had a lot of them. I would have saved them all but they weren't worth anything then." An

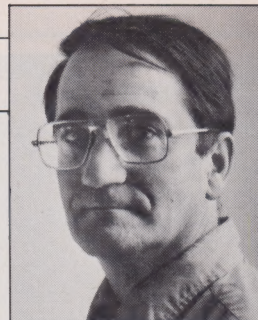
eclectic collector, Hatt's hoarding instincts don't end with old autos. He has, for example, eight old horse-drawn mowing machines, four old hay rakes, a 1909 corn grinder and a turnip grinder from the 1920s. There's also ten old sewing machines, 50 dolls, 40 kerosene lamps and 100 old car licence plates. Why does he do it? "I just love old stuff," he says.

George Young of Belle River, P.E.I., isn't afraid of winter and doesn't mind a bit of snow. The 95-year-old Young still shovels his lane on a brisk winter day and thinks nothing of it. "Why the snows we got in 1905 or 1928... there wouldn't be enough plows in Charlottetown to move it." Young, who worked as a rural postman for 35 years says he used to shovel snow just for the fun of it. "Shovelling snow was my pleasure as a young fella," he recalls. "I shovelled snow on the railway day after day to keep the trains going." But Young also shovelled for the money — 89 cents a day for clearing the railway, and for that he used to walk seven miles to the Melrose junction. When the work was done in Melrose, Young came home and shovelled eight-foot drifts at the crossing in front of his house. After 95 vigorous years, Young, with shovel in hand, still strides out up to his knees after a good snow. "Start it, and just keep at it 'til you're finished," he advises the softer generation of today. "It's good exercise!"

Shovelling snow was a pleasure for Young



JIM QUETT



February flowers that bloom in the mind, untouched by dirt

February is a favorite gardening month with many of us keen amateurs.

With snowplows fighting a losing battle, the rake and shovel safely rusting away in the shed and all threat of digging and delving still months away, we can wallow in horticultural theory and trivia without the wear and tear of practice.

Such questions as, "Should granny have been hove in the clink?" come as easily and as idly as a fresh hot toddy.

Well, granny *did* grow opium poppies, didn't she? Mine did. Each year she produced a booming crop of that self-same *Papaver somniferum*, source of morphine, opium and heroin, cause of revolutions in China and crime waves in New York.

Granny's opium poppies reseeded themselves each year and sprouted among the sweet william, bouncing bet and cranesbill — and the constables admired them in passing.

These days, our maggotty-headed young layabouts are collared for growing marijuana, for gathering magic mushrooms — even the seeds of the Heavenly Blue morning glory, said to contain a mild equivalent to LSD, are coated with a vile, nasty-tasting substance to foil the rascals.

But where stands the law on the growing of opium poppies? If I mistake not, the seeds are readily available from some seed houses and in the spice sections of our supermarkets. Passing strange, by Gad. (February horticultural theorists tend to say things like "by Gad." And it doesn't hurt, either, to affect a crooked stem pipe and have an arthritic Labrador retriever twitching in front of the grate.)

Enter the memsahib with her back copy of *Country Life* and you wonder aloud how it came about that Newfoundland has a meat eater as its floral emblem.

The pitcher plant, as it's called nowadays, but in my time, known as Indian pipes, grows on bogs and digests insects and perhaps the occasional tadpole or nestling bird. It's a floral emblem that inspires confidence. I'd stack it against a trillium in the ring any day.

Ah, what a lovely scent from the fireplace. How many thousands of years old are the plants in that peat? Newfoundland has at last begun to use its bogs for burning so that we can say with the Irishman, "Other countries may be going down the drain but, shure, we do be sending ours up the chimney."

Now is the time of year to polish your

Latin plant names. It makes a nice impression if, come summer in Ottawa you can poke your blackthorn into a batch of leaves and say: "By Gad, Madame, a finer stand of *Zantendeschia aethiopica* I have not seen in a dog's age." Yes, most Governors General are tickled when you admire their calla lilies in Latin.

For all that, "Jesus flannel" or "lamb's ears" as we used to call it does more than *Stachys lanata* to evoke those old cottage gardens on the lids of shortbread boxes. So do granny's bonnets (*aquilegias*) or the deep blue *Geranium phaeum* known to us as mourning widow or little niggers.

Interesting stuff, plant lore. There's snotty var, reeking billy, Jesus flannel and the meat-eating pitcher plant

Right now, if you're lucky, the hydro lines will snap so that you can light up a kerosene lamp or two. That mellow glow nicely underlines winter in the higher latitudes. Small wonder that even ten years ago, the Norwegians purchased 14 million houseplants on an average of ten per household.

Hmmm, did that whimper come from the Lab or from the memsahib? Small matter. If you've got hold of all this horticultural trivia, when else are you going to discharge it if not in the midst of a February blizzard?

"Everything that grew out of the mould was healing herb to our fathers of old." Strange but one can't seem to recollect many of the local countryman's old remedies. Maybe they've been washed away on a tide of senna tea and castor oil.

But most houses kept a mixture made from what we called "beaver root," the yellow pond lily; a salve for horses was made from the ground yew and cuts were

stuck together with blisters from the balsam fir.

Did you know we still call the balsam fir the "snotty var" after the old usage of Cornwall?

Interesting stuff, plant lore. The peony root, so prized as a medicine by the ancient Romans, had a kingfisher to guard it. Or was that the mandrake? At any rate, the peony screamed when torn from the ground which was certain death to all who heard it.

So the clever Romans tied a stout dog to the plant, stood back a safe distance with their ears stoppered and waved around a porkchop which fetched the dog along, the root in tow.

Was it Sydney who said; "Doubtless, God could have made a better berry but, doubtless, God never did." The strawberry was, of course, known to both Virgil and Pliny the Elder but not in its present form. Oh, no. Not until shortly before 1800 was there that happy marriage between *Fragaria virginiana* and the Chilean berry, *F. chilensis*, which had been taken to France by Captain Frezier in 1712...

Merciful heaven, did that low growl come from the Lab or was it really the memsahib? Horticultural trivia is not to every taste. Little do such persons know that an infusion of the root of *Valeriana officinalis* is certain cure for ragged nerves.

Quite so, an interesting plant, the valerian. It affects cats as catnip does — and is also attractive to rats!

Did you know that the Pied Piper of Hamelin had valerian roots in his pocket when he led the rats into the river? Now you do. And that in cases of hypochondria, hysteria, epilepsy, migraine, nervous upsets, croup, bruises, coughs and the plague, valerian was once thought to be at least as efficacious as running your head into a brick wall.

And strange, isn't it, about the political connections of plants. In Scotland, they call sweet william "reeking billy" out of disaffection for William, Duke of Cumberland, "the butcher" of Culloden; and "Monsieur Violette..." none other than N. Bonaparte who promised to return with the violets; and the orange lily which blooms in Ulster on or about "The Glorious Twelfth" and the...

By Gad! Damme, if that brute of a Lab hasn't sunk its fangs right through one's plus fours and the memsahib, for some strange reason, has picked up the poker. Toodle-doo.

SPICED RUM.

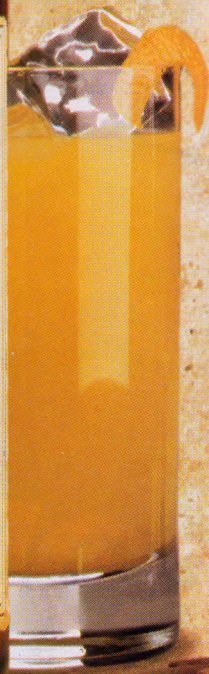


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